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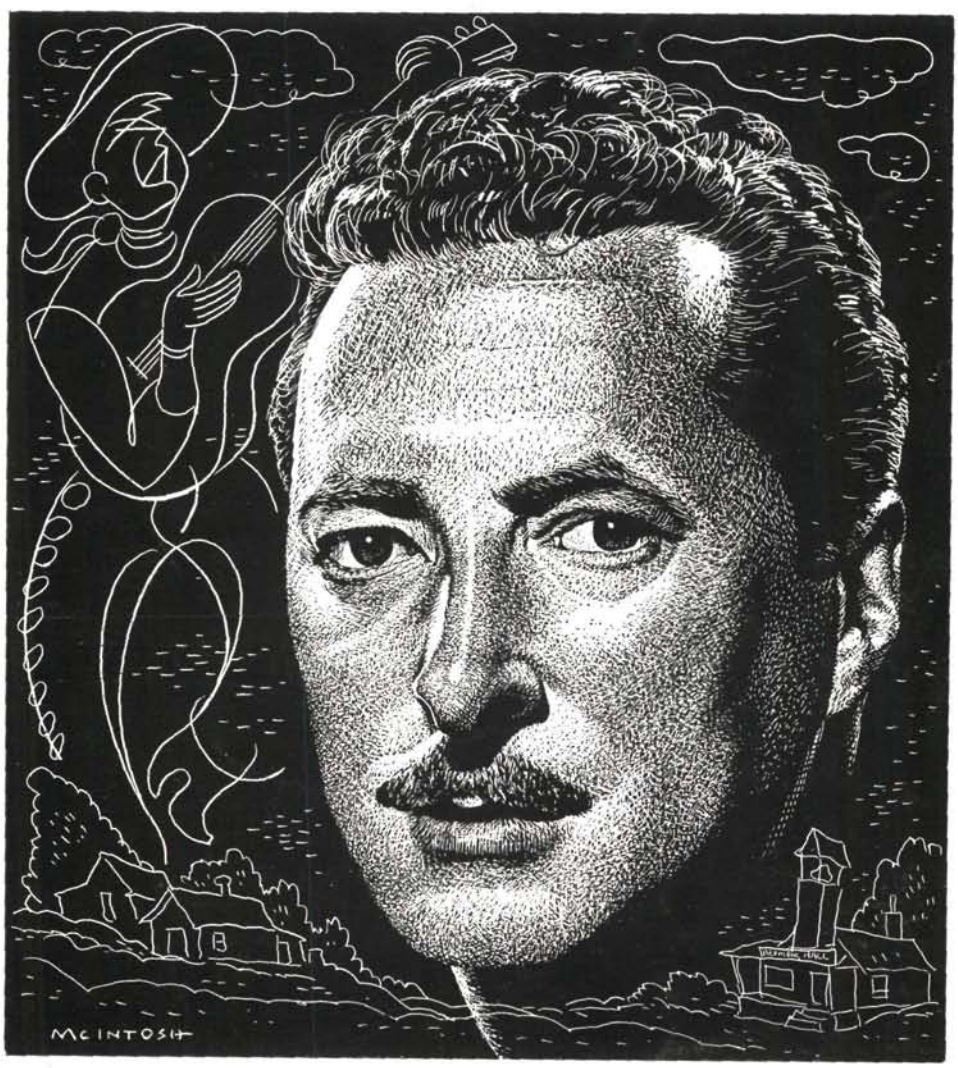

Victor Wolfson, author of "The Eagle on the Plain." *(See page 9)*

Time Out from Terror

By LEO LANIA

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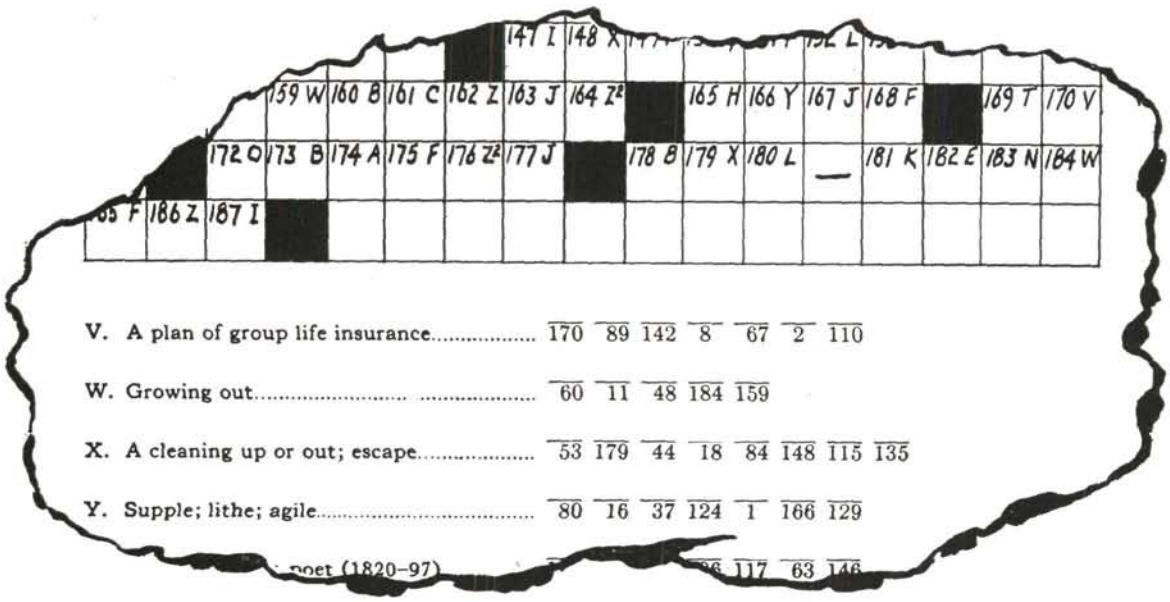

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July 26, 1947

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Ellen Marsh

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TRADE Winds

THESE ARE SUPPOSED to be the dog-days along Broadway, but there's been so much excitement in the theatrical world in the past month that one bemused producer actually invested some of his own money in a new musical extravaganza. The rubbing out of mobster "Bugsy" Siegel led to the interesting disclosure that at least four plays of the 1946-47 season had been financed by underworld combinations. The passage of the new labor bill sent managers scurrying back from mountain and seaside resorts to see if it would afford them a measure of relief from the gouging of a handful of "feather-bedding" union racketeers. Max Gordon, a producer who manages to find a Broadway angle in every news event, even derived encouragement from the appointment of General Eisenhower to the presidency of Columbia University. "General Ike is a hep character," declared Gordon. "He'll see to it that the next Pulitzer committee includes a few judges who actually have been inside a theatre within the past year!" . . .

AT THE BARRYMORE THEATRE, a man who had no previous theatrical experience whatever confounded veteran showmen by investing ten thousand dollars in what looked like a hopeless failure—and turning it into a success. Gian Carlo-Menotti's double bill, "The Telephone" and "The Medium," had been hailed as an exhilarating novelty by most of the critics, but the audiences had been lamentably small, and the closing notice was posted for the following Saturday. Thursday evening, Lucian Warner, one of the market research chiefs on *Life* magazine, and a neighbor of Editor Cousins of *SRL*, saw the show and loved it. Furthermore, he polled all the other people in the audience and found they shared his enthusiasm. Trained to unearth situations with hidden potentials, Researcher Warren sought out co-producer Chandler Cowles, ascertained that ten thousand dollars' additional capital would keep the show on the boards for two more weeks, and promptly bought a half-interest for that amount.

Warner's calculation that favorable word-of-mouth would turn the tide within the fortnight of grace proved absolutely correct. The well-publicized account of his unusual action provided an additional fillip. Today the show is virtually a sell-out, and what looked like a hopeless gamble probably will pay off at about twenty to one. Stories like that tickle everybody on Broadway. . . .

ANOTHER HEARTWARMING chapter in the history of show business was written at the Bijou Theatre when the curtain rose for performance number 3,183 of "Life with Father." In the audience sat most of the plutocrats who had had the foresight and good fortune to invest in this gold mine when it was "established in 1939" at a summer theatre in Maine. On the stage, Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay returned in triumph to recreate their original roles. For this was the performance that shattered the all-time long-run record of Broadway.

Left in the shade were the previous record-holder, "Tobacco Road" (3,182), and the runners-up, "Abie's Irish Rose" (2,237), "Oklahoma" (1,832 to date), and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1,444). Left in the shade, too, were the experts of "Information Please," whose failure to reel off this list in its proper order enabled the gentleman who suggested the question to walk off with a $500 savings bond and all the trimmings. I thought this winner must be the ecstatic fellow at my right who cheered the record-breaking performance of "Life with Father" so lustily. Later, however, my neighbor was identified as one Howard Cullman, of Parliament (cigarettes).

There had been some hope of persuading co-author Russel Crouse to repeat for the great occasion an earlier triumph in the exacting role of Dr. Somers (it consists of the single line, "How do you do?") but he did not feel equal to it. "I played it once on the road," he explained, "just to see if there was a doctor in the Crouse." This time he contented himself with taking a final bow with the principals, after Lindsay had made a masterly speech, and the original second son John (now a war veteran, six foot six) had reached down to shake hands with the current incumbent of the part. . . .

THESE EXHILARATING chores out of the way, Lindsay and Crouse resumed feverish meditations on the sequel to their record-breaker, named, for good and sufficient reasons, "Life with Mother." "No matter how excellent we make it," worries Crouse, "I can see the reviews now: 'Not as good as "Life with Father"'!" In the fall, too, the collaborators will have the pleasure of watching the crowds stream in to see the motion picture version of "Life with Father." William Powell and Irene Dunne contribute Academy Award performances, and there is the added attraction of actual scenes at Delmonico's, McCreery's, and the employment agency where Father bags a cook in eight seconds flat. In the play, these scenes could only be described in dialogue. The screen credits are reeled off in a series of nostalgic stereopticon slides. All in all, the picture will rank with "A Miracle on Thirty-Fourth Street" as a major delight of the year.

Undone by the excitement of it all, Crouse took his bride and son Timothy to a Carolina luxury resort for a breather. When he announced that he was returning ten days later, Lindsay wired, "Why not remain for a few days more of well-earned rest?"

"By gad! They misspelled 'Nile'."

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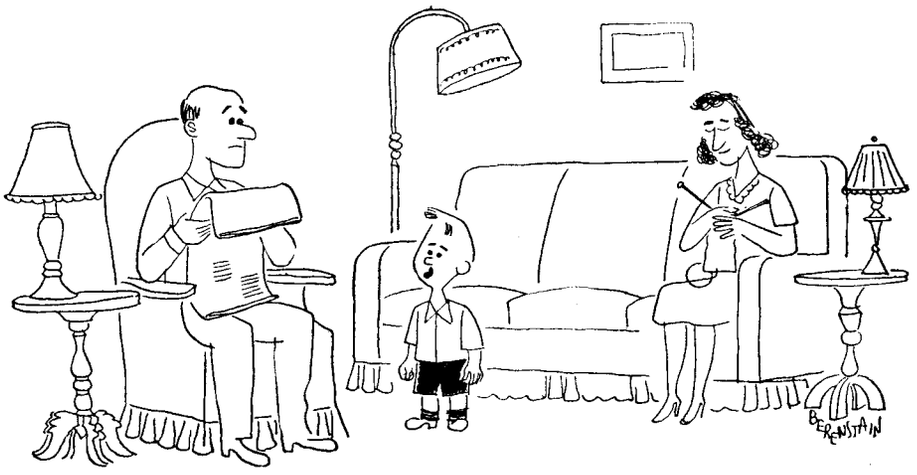

"Pop, I'm fully aware that money doesn't grow on trees and that when you were my age you were earning your own living, but can I have a nickel?"

Crouse answered, "I can't rest at fifty-eight dollars a day." The Lindsays gave him a rousing welcome-home party, at which most of the guests were intimidated by a formidable English butler, hired for the occasion. A publisher made the mistake of asking for a bottle of beer. "Definitely no, sir," reproved the butler. "The guests have already consumed twenty-five bottles of the master's imported stock, and enough is enough." . . .

TO COMPLETE the current dossier on Lindsay and Crouse, they made a surprise appearance at the recent convention of the American Booksellers' Association, and wowed their audience with a knowing parody of the old Gallagher and Shean routine that went as follows:

Oh, Mr. Lindsay, Oh, Mr. Lindsay
No one here has ever heard us sing before
I don't want to throw any doubt on us
But the audience may walk out on us
Don't you think we'd better have them lock the door?

Oh, Mr. Crouse, Oh, Mr. Crouse
Any hope of their escape I'll have to douse
Though the prospects may be black
If they leave they can't get back.
What's to stop them, Mr. Lindsay?
No unauthorized returns, Mr. Crouse.

Oh, Mr. Lindsay, Oh, Mr. Lindsay
Every bookstore in the country's overstocked
They are loaded up with warbooks
Till they can't take any more books
And the aisles with juveniles are always blocked.

Oh, Mr. Crouse, Oh, Mr. Crouse
It's not that every publisher's a louse
For these books there is a reason
Though to say it here is treason
Why do they publish them, Mr. Lindsay?
They don't read them, Mr. Crouse.

Oh, Mr. Lindsay, Oh, Mr. Lindsay
It is sad to hear so many people crab
They are singing one refrain
You hear publishers complain
That the book business is very, very drab.

Oh, Mr. Crouse, Oh, Mr. Crouse
No one in the business has a right to grouse
Of its drabness speak no more
There is color there galore.
In the bindings, Mr. Lindsay?
Alfred Knopf's shirts, Mr. Crouse.

Oh, Mr. Lindsay, Oh, Mr. Lindsay
There's one publishing house that's very hard to beat
They sell bookstores each edition
Then give them competition
With a bookstore of their own across the street.

Oh, Mr. Crouse, Oh, Mr. Crouse
You haven't told us all about this house
Still another field they've tilled
With the Literary Guild.
You mean Doubleday, Mr. Lindsay?
I mean Tripleday, Mr. Crouse. . . .

PEOPLE OF THE theatrical and literary worlds place the usual premium on success, but they still have time to show compassion and understanding for those who no longer can make the grade. In Hollywood, however, the competition is so fierce and the sense of insecurity so pervading, that nobody has any time for fallen big shots of yesterday. A star who has managed to hold his place through the years unconsciously summed up the Hollywood attitude at a dinner party recently.

"The time to salt your money away is when you're rolling along on top," he announced. "You never know when you're going to hit the skids. For example, take the picture I'm doing now. It calls for a flock of extras. I was looking them over at the studio this morning—a motley crew—and you'd be amazed to know how many of them *were once my friends*!"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

W. H. AUDEN's introduction to a volume of verse and some short pieces is as flashing as the lovely fish before it became Monet's still-life. AUDEN's thoughts flip around, slapping our sensibilities into action, putting life in us, making us sit up and take notice.

Aside from his own vigor and his fine sense of relationships of things, AUDEN is chiefly concerned in this introduction with the poems of his friend, JOHN BETJEMAN (pronounced Betchman). Most of you, being Americans, have never heard of BETJEMAN, yet as AUDEN says, this volume entitled, **Slick But Not Streamlined,** is one of the very few books you would want on a desert island. It is easy to carry—in the hand, in the mind, in the heart.

I don't want to get sentimental over **Slick But Not Streamlined,** because the book warrants so much more. BETJEMAN is one of those rare people who, like Lewis Carroll, takes sunlight instead of sugar with his tea. What I think I mean is that while his poems concern, for the most part, conventional things, they blossom with perception. BETJEMAN does not belong to that younger group of poets whose meaning and whose imagery is buried in their own subjective labyrinth: it is certain that you will understand what he says. Perhaps this is because he is a husband, a father, a churchwarden, a secretary to a local of the Agricultural Laborers' Union—a man older in years than these new poets.

For whatever his years (I have no idea of his age), BETJEMAN is young. Whether he is writing about *Sudden Illness at the Bus-Stop,* or *Calvinistic Evensong,* or the architecture of *Provincial Towns,* or love, his words are as clear and pervading as morning sunlight. His poetry rhymes both to the eye and to the mind. His humor is superb because it is also serious.

As to the title, I would reverse it, because while his expression is streamlined, it certainly does not have the stigma of being slick. What desert island are you contemplating?

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

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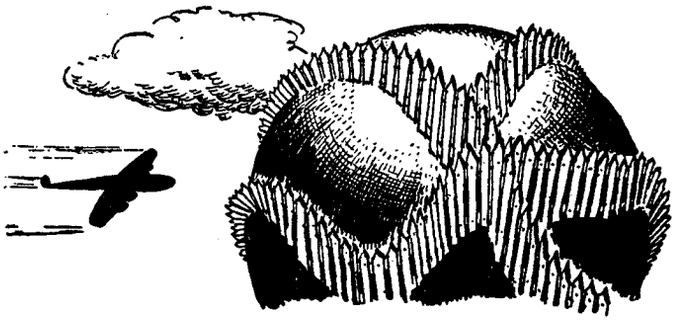
Freedom of the air . . .



SOMETIME much later — maybe days, maybe months, maybe years—someone is bound to say: "Why, sure. . . ."

So is it always with hindsight or foresight; with any concept, difficult or simple, when it is really understood; with anything we think we know—but have a disconcerting habit of forgetting.

THE RIGHT TO FLY, by John C. Cooper, is not a difficult book, but it does tackle for the first time a variety of concepts relating to air power that have never previously been understood. When Louis Blériot flew the English Channel in 1909, he created an international problem that had not existed in practical form in the world before. And man's failure to understand that problem and its implications is witnessed by air conventions that have since come out of international air conferences, by treaties made and draft treaties still in the making.

Cooper's book does for air power what *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*, by Admiral Mahan, did for sea power. Although Mahan's book was first published in 1890, it has proved of such lasting value that it was considered worthy of reissue in 1939—a date memorable in the annals of the world. THE RIGHT TO FLY begins with an analysis of the basic nature of air power (and rather startling it is, too); of the geographic, economic, and other conditions which give a sovereign nation the capacity to fly; and of the political conditions which enable it to control so much of the airspace round the round world as lies over its territory. One realizes with a start that although the waters of the earth are relatively free, the air is not. There are also chapters on ex-enemy air power in 1919 and 1947 and the years between; and on the relationship of air power to disarmament, world commerce, and world organization. The book closes with a detailed examination of the air power potentials of the Soviet Union, the United Kingdom and British Commonwealth, and the United States.

John C. Cooper is eminently fitted to write such a book. A trained lawyer, he was for many years a vice president and director of Pan American Airways. He is a member of the United States National Commission of the Permanent American Aeronautical Commission, and has recently been appointed consultant on air power to the Library of Congress. At present he is compiling, at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, a monumental history of air law. THE RIGHT TO FLY is in part an offshoot of that work, but it is in greater part the product of many years' careful thought on air power and air policy and the round world.

Because its implications are of such immediate international urgency, we have rushed production on THE RIGHT TO FLY. In addition to Cooper's lucid text, the volume contains twelve specially drawn global charts which present air penetration in graphic form from such widely scattered but interesting key points as New York, Miami, Hawaii, Fairbanks, London, Canberra, Winnipeg, Khartoum, Moscow, Tashkent, Anadyr, and Dickson Island. For the scholar and the statesman, there are additional aids: a detailed bibliography, an excellent index, and six appendices giving important and helpful documents that are difficult to come by.

Sufficient international interest has already been expressed in THE RIGHT TO FLY that we are not worried about its sale or publication abroad. Our immediate concern is that Cooper not be a prophet without honor in his own country.

When we were first told that two plus two makes four, we said: "Why, sure. . . ." At about the same time we learned that the world is round. But, even after having flown round it, we are continually having to remind ourselves of the fact—to say nothing of its implications.

The Right to Fly

A STUDY IN AIR POWER

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

By JOHN C. COOPER
$5.00

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Time Out from Terror

LEO LANIA

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Leo Lania, author of "Darkest Hour" and "Today We Are Brothers," recently returned from Europe where he was roving correspondent for* SRL. *The following notes conclude his report on his tour. A first article dealing with the literary scene in France, Czechoslovakia, and Poland appeared in* SRL, *April 19.*

Austria

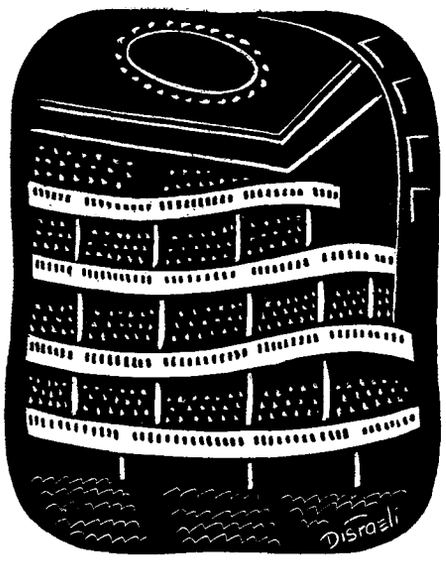
CENTRAL and Herrenhof once were the Dôme and La Rotonde of Vienna. These two cafés were in former, better times more than the rendezvous of Vienna's writers and artists, more than a symbol of Vienna's leading role in the literary and spiritual life of Europe. Psychoanalysis and atonal music were born in the Central, Alfred Adler, the master of "individual psychology" reigned there as well as Adolf Loos, the founder of the Wiener Werkstaette (Viennese Workshop), the apostle of a new style of architecture characterized by most Viennese as "idiotic"; smooth façades, unadorned villas which looked like glass cubes. The first house he built, a few hundred steps from the Central, almost caused a revolution. Then years later his "insanities" determined the development of all modern architecture. Central meant in the days before World War I Sigmund Freud, Arthur Schnitzler, and Hermann Bahr, Gustav Mahler and Arnold Schoenberg, Gustav Klimt and Oscar Kokoschka.

The bourgeois took his coffee in the front room of the café; in the back room painters and poets, politicians and bohemians sat buried in their newspapers. They sat for hours over a cup of coffee and a glass of water; the waiters kept bringing more newspapers and, every ten minutes, fresh water.

It was here in the Café Central that we heard the news of Archduke Francis Ferdinand's assassination in Sarajevo and it was here that, a few weeks later, the head waiter told the habitués "a very good joke": "In delivering an ultimatum to Serbia, Austria, out of fear of death, is ready to commit suicide." Everyone thought it was a witty remark and nobody took it seriously. Its author was a nervous Russian with a mephistophelean beard, a star among the players in Central's chessroom; his real profession was said to be revolution; his name: Leon Trotzky.

After the war Trotzky's disciples moved to the Herrenhof which was across the street. The girls who had gathered around the table of Peter Altenberg, the apostle of free love, sandals, and a more rational diet—and a great writer in his own right—had discovered a new prophet: Lenin. Their low-heeled shoes, short hair, and lack of corseting were no longer a sensation. They were still blonde, still very pretty and in love with Franz Werfel's poetry. Yet Werfel remained faithful to the Central.

In later years, and especially during the regime of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg the Central and Herrenhof gradually lost their clients. Most of them left Vienna where the spiritual life became more and more provincial and the material life more and more dangerous for writers and artists. Those who remained went from the Central straight to the concentration camps of Dachau and Mauthausen on the day Hitler marched into Vienna, and never returned.



Today the Café Central is closed. A bomb has damaged the building badly. The Herrenhof is a Russian club. When I passed it on my first evening in Vienna, two Russian soldiers sat there drinking vodka. They looked as bored and disgusted as the American soldiers whom I had seen in other cafés which had become American clubs. There are no longer any cafés for the Viennese. Coal is scarce. During the severe winter months electric light and heat are not available for those places, they close at nine p.m. and they have no coffee to serve anyhow. The Viennese café life has gone.

ON the other hand, the theatre is very much alive. The famous Opera was destroyed and the Burgtheater, Vienna's "Comédie Française," burned out. But their companies play in other theatres. There are two dozens of them. Next to the Herrenhof I saw a huge poster on which the weekly amusement program was listed and, standing in front of it, I suddenly felt as if I were dreaming. I read: operetta by Ernest Marischka, another operetta by Marischka - Verneuil - Sardou—a Parisian farce—Bernard Shaw—for a second I thought I was reading the program of the winter of 1927, the year I had left Vienna. My eyes moved farther to the right: Film ball in the Kuenstlerhaus—costume ball in the Sophien halls. I was struck by an odd thought: perhaps this poster had somehow miraculously survived the last twenty years, revolutions and wars, bombings and battles? Then my eyes moved still farther and I awoke to reality; the rest of the poster contained dozens of advertisements: "Who knows something about my husband Karl Mueller, last

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heard from during the battle of Stalingrad. . . . My brother . . . my son . . . our father . . . Russian front . . . Italian front . . . North Africa . . . missing since . . . missing . . ."

All of Europe is trying to escape from the present. In Czechoslovakia the people escape into the future, dreaming of the new national state they are going to build. The Italians returned straight to the pre-fascist era, as though the last twenty-five years had not happened at all. Yet the Viennese, disgusted by the present and without hope for the future, escape farther into the past than all other people of Europe. They don't conjure up the pre-Hitler days, nor the Republic of 1918. These memories are not too cheerful. Their dreams carry them into the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: old Vienna, the empire, the glamor and the marvels of the baroque and rococo.

A few weeks ago a Viennese paper published a list of those books which the Viennese like to read. It is very revealing. "Empress Maria Theresa," "Old Vienna," "Old Viennese China," "The History of the Ballet," "Music of the Baroque," and so on. Although the paper admitted that the books of the exiled Austrian and German writers, such as Thomas Mann, Franz Werfel, Stephan Zweig, are in demand —and very difficult to get—it stressed the point that political books dealing with the social and economic problems of today find very few readers. Extremely popular are the classics—Goethe, Schiller, and especially Heine. The Viennese Ullstein Verlag started to publish a series of these works, but the paper shortage makes the realization of this project very difficult.

In the *Wiener Kurier*, the daily published by the American Military Government in Vienna, a Dr. Alfred Missong decried the "banality and shallowness" of Austria's new literary output.

> Most of the books and magazines [so he stated] either show melancholy resignation or escape from reality. Not one book has been published that can claim literary merit. . . . One can only cover one's head in shame. . . . Aside from books whose topics deal with a long buried past and therefore pretend to be "patriotic," magazines roll off the presses which destroy the last spiritual standards. While the Austrian movie industry has only produced a handful of films since the end of the war, it is characteristic that not less than a dozen film magazines are regularly published in Vienna.

And the author asks very rightly why so costly and scarce a commodity as paper and newsprint is allocated for the purpose of the publication of such trite stuff.

> Since the authorities must grant permission for every new magazine and for every book to be published, it is unaccountable that the authority's decisions are not guided by the merit or the spiritual and cultural importance of a publication, but determined by the pull a clever publisher has who caters to the lowest instincts of his customers.

One of the biggest Viennese printing presses is Soviet controlled. The Communists administer it. Soviet authors—from Stalin to Simenov—are high on the list of its publications and so are journalistic reports on the victories of the Red Army and the struggle of the anti-Nazi underground. The Social-Democrats rediscovered Peter Rosegger and other Austrian authors who described the life of Austrian workers and peasants at the turn of the century. Yet the Social-Democrats deserve credit for at least attempting to educate the masses to an understanding and appreciation of Western culture.

THEIR Workers Symphony Concerts were an outstanding feature in Vienna's artistic life before the nazification of Austria. The concerts have been resumed and so have the lectures and liberal educational programs of the *Volkshochschulen* (the people's universities) and *Volksbildungsvereine* (popular educational society). Especially one course sponsored by the Social-Democratic Party is proving very popular. It is entitled "What We Have Missed" and deals with the outstanding books published in England, France, and America during the last fifteen years. Leading literary critics evaluate and analyze these works and are followed by the most famous actors and actresses who then recite chapters and passages of the novels of Pearl Buck, Hemingway, Upton Sinclair, Steinbeck, Giraudoux, André Gide, Thomas Mann, Feuchtwanger, Franz Werfel, and so forth.

Unfortunately, German translations of these American books are very difficult to get. The Russians spare no cost to have their books translated and distributed in Austria. Also the British authors readily grant permission for the translation of their work. The French import their books in great numbers counting on the fact that at least the Austrian middle class was always accustomed to reading French.

So far America has given permission for the translation and publication of 111 American books and a handful of plays; among them was Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of

(*Continued on page* 28)

—*George Grosz, in "A Little Yes and a Big No."*

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Exaltation in the Catskills

THE EAGLE ON THE PLAIN. By Victor Wolfson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1947. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

MOST persons who pick up Mr. Wolfson's second novel will be charmed immediately, I think, but it would be a percipient reader indeed who, after completing the book's first third, could predict what lay ahead of him. For Mr. Wolfson leads us by enticing ways from broad comedy to matters not at all comical, from humorous realism to something very like allegory. He does this with much skill, and with notable success.

Through his narrator, a retired teacher who is of philosophic mind, the author introduces us to the straggling settlement of Plutarchus, not far from Kingston, in upper New York State. Once Plutarchus stood on the main road from Newburgh to Binghamton, but a few years before the date of this story a great concrete highway came to skirt Plutarchus by some eight miles, drew away its most enterprising inhabitants as well as almost all its traffic, and left the remaining Plutarchians to stagnate in a backwater of a civilization that had passed them by. They are a quaint and queer and funny lot, as Mr. Wolfson introduces and describes them in his opening episodes and anecdotes, and their essentially humorous quality, individually and eccentrically expressed in talk and action, promises to dominate the narrative. But there is one among them, Poggi Brenero, not quite eighteen, who takes the story into his eager hands, to make it dramatically and symbolically his own.

Poggi was no more at home in his community than a palm tree would have been at home on the Plutarchus road. Perhaps it might be said of him, as Kipling said of Bimi, that there was too much ego in his cosmos. Rebellious, brooding, and violent, he was determined to make a stir in the world. There was a Catskill eagle in his breast, an eagle born to soar. His theme song was: I'll show you all some day! Just wait! And the Plutarchians, without quite realizing it, made a heavy investment of interest and faith in young Brenero. They shared his hopes and dreams. When he took a correspondence course in flying. When he sent to Chicago for a miraculous contraption that would make him a ventriloquist and "alter the whole sorry state of his life." And, finally, when he appeared in all the glory of his Sears-Roebuck costume and became briefly famous as the singing cowboy of the Catskills. But that was not hope: that was fulfilment. And Plutarchus took the hero to its heart.

When Poggi staged his triumphant return to Red Men's Hall, the familiar social center of his boyhood and youth, it was a Saturday night to make other Saturday nights fade from memory. The citizens of Plutarchus all were there.

> They came out of their houses, those poor structures hidden away in startling places; they came out of the woods, from the high rocky ledges, out of the damp gorges, from the soft edge of the swamps, and from the shacks along the Rifton road. They were dressed in their finest raiment; a piece of ribbon never before worn, a stoneless brooch pinned to a bungalow apron, an old stickpin worn in a tieless collar.

For Poggi had fulfilled a great need, with his outlandish costume and his silly cowboy crooning.

> He had transformed himself, a lowly human being, one of us, into an inspiring image in which we could invest our own meagerness and thus transport ourselves to the aquiline heights where he soared. Had some professional singer from Albany or Newburgh come to us, we would never have experienced this. It was the fact that Poggi had been, only yesterday, one of us, and was today still one of us, yet more than we were, that caused the transformation within ourselves to take place. By the grace of Poggi Brenero we were all elevated to a plane hitherto unknown to us.

Great though Poggi was during the period of his glory as an entertainer, he still increased immeasurably in stature when the law pounced upon him, when he defied the law with his man-made thunderbolts, and when he threw the law into temporary confusion and impotence. Then he came to epitomize nothing less than the resisting and revolting power of the individual "against the great concrete weight which rests upon us." He was an anarchistic rebel against the crime of power, as it finds expression in every institutional form. He was "a living symbol of defiance, of insurrection against the conditions in which we all found ourselves." For the Breneros, breaking the law in order to pay taxes that the law imposed, were not lonely in their trap.

When, "like the minor god Castor upon the palace roof," he stood high on the iron canopy of the Great Bull Market in Kingston — exhorting the crowd: "Don't be afraid of them! Don't ever be afraid of them!"—he was defying "a civilization and society which was corrupt and evil, which had become useless to mankind, and which, in fact, was a burden and a

THE AUTHOR: Victor Wolfson's first lullaby was the shriek of New York's Second Avenue "L"—his first formal spiritual guidance a Socialist "Sunday School." When he was four, "Papa" Wolfson, a handsome and eloquent Russian ex-revolutionary, took down "Mama" Wolfson's "Dressmaking" sign from the parlor window, sold his little newsstand to a fraternal philosopher, and emigrated to the wild, clean air of Far "Hockaway." "Mama" was disappointed with the windowless, two-room flat he'd rented atop a Marxist Chinaman's establishment, but, he consoled her, "It's warm over the laundry." As an adolescent, Victor Wolfson plowed the scene for "The Eagle on the Plain" on the family's subsequent farm. He attended the Ethical Culture School in New York, supported himself through high school working backstage at the Neighborhood Playhouse, got a B.A. from the University of Wisconsin's Experimental College—the greatest single influence in his life—then became assistant stage manager to Elmer Rice. He was on Theatre Union's executive board from 1933-36, secretary to the Authors' League of America, drama lecturer at NYU. He started writing the hardest way, with two plays—"Excursion," produced in 1937, and "Pastoral," produced in 1939. The former is being tuned up as a fall musical, titled "Dreamboat." In 1945, his first novel, "The Lonely Steeple," appeared. In the works is his third—about "sisters." He has his own house on New York's Upper East Side, where, presumably, heat is no problem to his wife, a "nice girl from Boston," and three sons. He walks a lot, writes five hours daily, paints everything "for fun," is dramatically articulate. His philosophy: "Human beings are the measure of all things."

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horror, a prison and a torture chamber, and because of its impersonal power, its uniformity and unconcern, had become a grave for the human spirit." But the shrieking sirens of the State Police had given their answer even in advance, for they had announced that Poggi's challenge to the law's supremacy must not go unanswered; they had proclaimed that this "human, defiant spirit must be drowned, captured, and imprisoned."

To what extent Mr. Wolfson shares his hero's political philosophy, I do not know. But I do know that he has given intelligent, artistic, even poetic expression to one view of the enduring problems which are implicit in the social contract. And if he has chosen to wear the sock rather than the buskin, it is a choice that will doubtless win him readers. But probably it is no choice at all. A man who is happily possessed of the saving sense of humor can hardly put it aside as if it were merely a garment and not fibre of his fibre. Mr. Wolfson is a true humorist, whose humor is companioned by compassion. He is also a poet. And his style has many stops at its command. When he chooses, his eloquence can match that of his most eloquent character, Jacob Stagg, the old sailor who has turned storekeeper, bartender, and lay preacher. The description of the narrator's ride behind an ancient horse, from Plutarchus to Kerhonkson, by way of precipitous back roads, is a wonderful bit of writing. But "The Eagle on the Plain" is full of good things. And I am sure that its author is himself full of good things to come.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 214

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 214 will be found in the next issue.

KB GSFASHSFNCTS LDS

ACNRQ FSNTDSP LDS NFM.

T. D. AGEFZSXC—

ANQL TSQQNFA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 213

Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue.

BEN JONSON
Sejanus.

The Mysterious Mr. Maugham

CREATURES OF CIRCUMSTANCE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1947. 314 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

THE publication of the latest book of W. Somerset Maugham's short stories is a literary landmark that deserves deeper recognition than the casual, reprinted tales of other successful writers. In them, as in all of his later work, there is a story within a story—the essential mystery of Somerset Maugham himself. Even the most ardent among the critics who have admired him have been puzzled, and some have been profoundly irritated by what they have felt was his lack of feeling, his cold and ruthless curiosity, or even his contempt of human beings. For fifty years he has been pouring out hundreds of novels, short stories, and plays, and yet only one book, "Of Human Bondage," has the true hallmark of genius. Published when he was forty-one, it recorded the sufferings of his own cruel adolescence and youth. One of the greatest novels of its time, after so many catastrophic years and so many passionately sincere books of maltreated youth, it must be remembered by its readers. But after that Mr. Maugham's inner self became a closed book: from the recollection of his own boyhood he turned to the shrewd and apparently passionless observation of human follies that have made him the old story-teller of his tribe. Neglecting the fact that he has limited his investigation for the most part to upper-class society, he has had the widest possible opportunity to study the world in which he functioned. Before the last world war he knew European society like a well-thumbed book, had been around the world several times, had lived in China and Malaya, and was acquainted with the life of European and British colonials exiled in the Orient. There were no famous restaurants in his wide orbit he had not visited, few great houses, palaces, or salons in which he had not been a distinguished guest. He has surveyed with his shrewd eyes how many thousands of respectably and elegantly garbed people, watching for a covert glance of hatred or love that would give away a secret hidden from the world, or has found the dreadful or tragi-comic end of a story whose beginning he had listened to perhaps ten years before.

His latest book includes stories published from 1934 to the present year. All of them have been printed in magazines, and have been written for magazines, and must represent in total a very large income, for Mr. Maugham is one of the highest paid writers extant, who sees no reason why he should not make as much money as the most prodigal editors will give him. His preface to this collection of fifteen stories is unusual since he takes whatever sting the critic might have in his tail by disarming him. His first sentence reads, "I owe my readers an apology for the publication of this volume." He says that it is the "machine-made" story that has given magazine fiction a bad name. The critic's riposte might be that most of these stories are machine-made, too, for hundreds of them have in fifty years been turned out by the Maugham factory, and editors and readers know just what they are going to get when one of them is stamped with his name.

In Somerset Maugham scenes "you will rarely find yourself in a sordid tenement bedroom, or bad restaurant."

In the first place, you are going to get in these stories either a luxurious or a so-called "romantic background"; you will rarely find yourself in a sordid tenement bedroom or street, or in a bad restaurant. The views expressed by the characters will be those accepted by well-to-do, rich, or even aristocratic people, even if Mr. Maughan takes the opportunity to be sardonic at their expense. There will be a man of wide experience and knowledge of the world tranquilly listening and watching for the fly in the ointment, the nigger in the woodpile, or the undiscovered murder of years ago. Underneath the conventional conversation of his host and

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hostess, there will be gullible frankness, or envy and malice and the knife up the sleeve. These phrases have been used by most critics of Mr. Maugham's stories: "his bland contempt for humanity"; "his patronizingly insultingly tolerant attitude; the milk of human kindness, half-soured," and finally that he is "too intelligent for the rest of his equipment."

The final quoted phrase is grossly unfair, for no man can be too intelligent in a world surrounded by mediocre or moronic minds, and the rest of Mr. Maugham's equipment, aside from his abysmal knowledge of the world, is certainly the most polished and superb craftsmanship of any living writer. He did not need in his preface to apologize, or to turn the edge of his critics' malice. All of these stories are worth reading, some are startling in their denouement, some are brilliant. Through them his hatred of the kind of people who make up the class in which he has lived is apparent; and that is one reason why his grimness has not offended the millions of small folks who live in a few rooms, have never visited a mansion, or seen a duke—why they may enjoy them. Nothing can be more appealing to a man or woman in whom poverty and a mean way of life rankles, than the discovery that a famous or a rich man has been a sinner; or that a beautiful woman with diamonds on her fingers has had an illegitimate baby or has brought a lover to his death. On the lowest scale of hack writing it is the recipe for what the English call "housemaid's fiction."

In the first story, a British colonel, an "all-around sportsman" retired to his estates, has not bothered his thin and apparently emotionless wife after dinner for years. He discovers that the volume of poetry she has published without telling him a word about it is applauded by all the critics and that it records a passionate love affair with a young man which had gone on under his aristocratic nose. It is Mr. Maugham's way of saying that the wealthy British colonel is a mutton-headed fool who ought to have been drowned at birth. In another story, a Malayan planter's wife is a ravaged hag at forty with a horrible facial twitch; one of the author's alter egos discovers that her husband has killed her lover in her arms. In "A Woman of Fifty," the murderous and nearly incestuous crime of a once beautiful American now living tranquilly with a younger husband, is discovered by the usual watchful and questing guest. There is a fine ironical touch at the end which Mr. Maugham could not resist though it is not integral to the story. His host, unaware of his wife's bloody and sinful past, laments that there is no high tragedy in present-day life and asks his guest what is the origin of sin. Any faithful reader of Maugham knows his answer to that: woman and preferably an American woman. The folly of women who seem, in his stories, to be as dangerous to take to bed, in or out of marriage, as a delayed-action bomb, is an almost omnipresent theme.

Nevertheless, we will have to take Mr. Maugham as he is, and, one presumes, thank God, because at the age of seventy-three he is still writing the kind of tales that make up this book.

English Suburban Satire

THE HAPPY PRISONER. By Monica Dickens. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 312 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

WHEN young Major Oliver North, minus a leg and with an injured heart, is invalided home after the war, his room in the rambling old Shropshire house becomes the point around which the family revolves. During this period of enforced physical inactivity, Oliver takes an intense interest in the multitudinous problems of his assorted relatives, who come to him with their joys, their troubles, their confidences, plans, or simply to let off steam. Lest anyone think the implication here is that Miss Dickens has written a sentimental story of the influence of a saintly invalid or a tempestuous family, I hasten to say that Oliver is no Carol Bird or Beth March. There is no pathos in "The Happy Prisoner." Oliver is neither a father confessor nor a *deus ex machina*; he is a pleasant, intelligent, normal young man who escapes self-pity by not leaving himself any room for it. He considers himself merely relegated for the time being to the side lines, whence he has a vantage point on the various family dramas that go on under the roof of Hinkley. His captivity is not only bearable but happy for him because for the first time in his life he has an opportunity to enter with a whole-hearted interest into the lives of other people, and to achieve a sort of detached though sympathetic perspective on the activities of a highly individual and fascinating family group, not to mention a host of eccentrics.

"Monica Dickens, like her celebrated grandfather, is adept at creating colorful and memorable characters."

Miss Dickens, like her celebrated grandfather, is adept at creating colorful and memorable characters; the reader will be charmed at her adroit and sharply delineated portraits of the people who throng in and out of Oliver's room. There are his two sisters, as unlike as sisters can be and frequently are: Violet, the misnamed, horsey, hoydenish, six feet tall and far from shrinking, and Heather, the born coquette, whose wartime marriage is about to go on the rocks; Evelyn, his ten-year-old niece; his affectionate, solicitous, talkative mother who worries about everybody; Lady Sandys, Heather's visiting mother-in-law who is just a little bit crazy and whose harmless kleptomania gets the family into extremely embarrassing situations with callers; there is Violet's inarticulate suitor, Fred, whose cause Oliver successfully promotes; and there is Oliver's enigmatic nurse, Elizabeth, pretty, efficient, but bafflingly impersonal and remote.

With grace and wit Miss Dickens weaves the threads of a dozen or so minor plots into a thoroughly integrated and delightful whole. Without being melodramatic, the problems and adventures of the North family are genuine drama. There are hints of what could have been tragedy, there are the poignancies and disappointments and the enormous trivialities of everyday existence; there are high points of humor and kindly satire on English country life, in the manner of Margery Sharp and Angela Thirkell.

"The Happy Prisoner" is a thoroughly engaging book. For those who are weary of ponderous problem novels, and also for those who are not, this deft and light, but not superficial, story of the English countryside will prove refreshing and enjoyable.

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Third President Illuminated

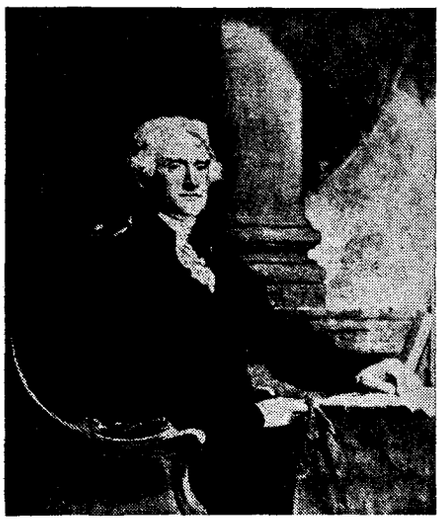
JEFFERSON: WAR AND PEACE, 1776-1784. By Marie Kimball. New York: Coward-McCann. 1947. 398 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by WILLIAM PEDEN

COMPARATIVELY little has been written about the eight years of Thomas Jefferson's career between his authorship of the Declaration of Independence and his departure for Paris as minister plenipotentiary to negotiate treaties of commerce. These were years of hard work and little glory, of labor in the Virginia Legislature, as Governor of Virginia, and as delegate to the Confederation Congress. They lack the vigor and romance of his formative years at Shadwell, Williamsburg, and Monticello; the drama of his European sojourn; the momentousness of his services as Secretary of State, Vice President, and President; or the philosophical fulness of his Indian-summer years of retirement. And around them have sprung misconceptions, misunderstandings, and falsifications. "Jefferson: War and Peace," the second volume of Marie Kimball's ambitious study of the life and times of Thomas Jefferson, is therefore doubly welcome at this time. It is the first complete and generally satisfying account of this little known and often distorted epoch.

The greater part of Mrs. Kimball's volume centers around Jefferson's career as wartime Governor of Virginia. Elected to office on June 1, 1779, the thirty-six-year-old statesman was riding a wave of popularity as a sort of living symbol of the democratic ideals embodied in the Declaration of Independence, ideals which he had attempted to translate into actuality with his planned reforms of the laws of Virginia. Yet the esteem with which his countrymen regarded him was doomed to be short-lived. Mrs. Kimball rightly speaks of his governorship as a "crescendo of misfortunes" climaxed by Benedict Arnold's successful invasion early in 1781 and Cornwallis's subsequent devastation of Virginia. Jefferson, as chief executive of a virtually powerless state at the mercy of a powerful enemy, became the scapegoat. His policies were attacked; his personal character vilified. And no sooner had he been succeeded by a military governor than his conduct became the subject of investigation in the Virginia House. Although the result of this inquiry was Jefferson's complete exoneration—never, the author concludes, was a public servant "more completely vindicated, or more gloriously"—the stigma of personal cowardice and executive incompetence dogged his entire political career and tormented his memories almost until his death.

By effective and judicious use of primary source material, Mrs. Kimball eradicates once and for all such mis-



—*Gilbert Stuart.*

Although vindicated, "the stigma of cowardice and incompetence dogged Thomas Jefferson's entire political career."

conceptions concerning Jefferson as Virginia's chief executive. From the time of the fall of Charleston in May 1780 the main scene of the war shifted to Virginia and her borders, there to remain until the ultimate British surrender at Yorktown. And Virginia was woefully unprepared for the battles that followed. In the face of Cornwallis's swollen pride after the disastrous battle of Camden (brought about, General Stevens snorted, "by the damned cowardly behavior of the militia"), Jefferson shows a calm courage, unflagging energy, and real executive skill. Throughout his two terms as governor, confronted by a shortage of men and materiel and impeded by a blundering legislature, Jefferson's stature grows rather than diminishes: as Mrs. Kimball points out "with . . . competence and . . . infinite pains he entered into every detail of the problem."

It is refreshing to turn from the darkened pictures of the war years to Mrs. Kimball's excellent account of Jefferson's only full-length book, the "Notes on Virginia"; to her moving vignettes of Jefferson's relations with his wife and daughters; and to her analyses of his painstaking and far-seeing services in a Congress which, desperately in need of wise leadership, seemed "prepared to hazard the costly gains of war."

Mrs. Kimball's careful scholarship makes "Jefferson: War and Peace" a valuable addition to the rapidly growing body of Jefferson literature. It is regrettable, however, that the character and personality of Jefferson the man tend to become obscured by the very weight of the mass of data included. Without attempting to minimize in any way the magnitude of the author's accomplishment, it must be stated that there is still room and need for a Jefferson biography which would combine Mrs. Kimball's labor and devotion to her subject with the sheer readability and vigor of Claude Bower's trilogy on one of the most remarkable individuals of modern times.

William Peden is Associate Professor of English at the University of Missouri. He was co-author of "The Life and Selected Writings of Thomas Jefferson."

Stories

By Cecil Hemley

LAST year storm came up over the hills
And I stood fearful of it.
This year is cataclysm with the buildings falling.
Next year we shall mend our homes
And bury our dead.
I shall take a young wife
And we shall move to forest country.
We shall raise up our young
And I shall sit by the fire
Warming my toes.
In retrospect with a present of warmth and butter
It will not seem as if the bullet piercing
And the cold guard days
Were baneful.
I shall talk and the young will listen
And I shall tell them nothing but the truth
As it then seems to me.

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Plaiting the Twain

RICHER BY ASIA. By Edmond Taylor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 432 pp. $3.75.

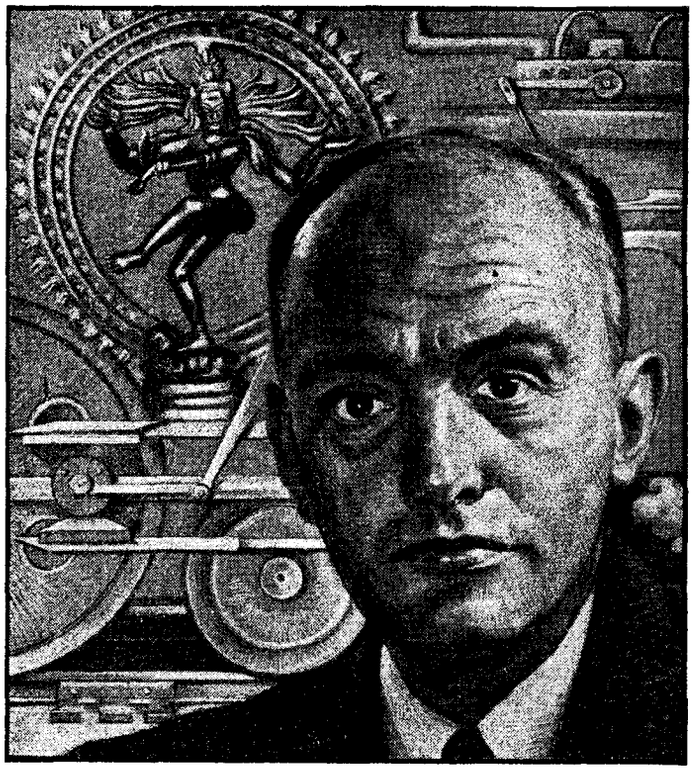
Reviewed by RUTH BENEDICT

THIS is a heartening and important book. Edmond Taylor's story of the war years when he was on Admiral Mountbatten's staff in the Southeast Asia Command and later commanding officer of all activities of the Office of Strategic Services in that theatre is no mere log-book of events. It is about what he learned, during his assignment, of ways of life and ways of thinking in that part of the world, especially those of the English in India and the Indians themselves, and the soul-searching it induced in him. Like any man today whose horizon is not bounded by the four walls of his own dwelling, he puts first and foremost the question of what bearing his new insights have on whether modern men of different nationalities can cooperate in One World and keep the peace. "Richer by Asia" is his warm and vivid statement of what he learned from his experiences in the East.

There have been many books on the strategy of peace, none of which, however, are remotely like Edmond Taylor's book. There have been books about the international agreements that must be entered into and about nationalism and about economics. This book is not about any of these matters. It is no blueprint for foreign offices. But anyone who therefore dismisses it unread will be doing himself a grave disservice.

The stage setting of the author's enriching international experience could hardly have been less propitious. His job itself was unpromising; as he says, conducting "black" psychological warfare is likely to increase delusion and suspicion in those who are engaged in it. It does not generally make its agents spiritually "richer" by anything except adventure. Then, too, Indian politics and communal violence and war attitudes made a dark and unlikely scene from which to extract a vivid affirmation. Nor are the English in India the coworkers in democracy which their brothers in England so often are; in Edmond Taylor's phrase, they were afflicted with "the sickness of being a Sahib" and he found it a grievous sickness. In spite of all this, Asia was to him the school of doubt in which, as he says, he learned faith in man.

He learned this faith through what he calls cultural opposition: using the values he found in Indian culture to make clear to him his own values. The Englishmen there taught him something and Indians taught him a great deal. Sometimes he came to see that the Eastern faiths were merely unfamiliar ways of stating experiences which he, too, shared; sometimes they were truths which were desirable or necessary complements to the truths which Western civilization espouses. They somehow ceased to seem meaningless or threatening and became integral parts of the structure of One World.



—*Frances O'Brien.*

The West's "delusions of rightness" Edmond Taylor finds "one of the great threats to world peace."

Some of the author's most challenging chapters are about the discipline and self-examination that are necessary in the hearts and minds of Western men if we are to help make international cooperation successful. After knowing India, Edmond Taylor became vividly conscious of the absolutist ethics of Western civilization. "The delusion of rightness" which is one of the Western virtues seemed to him in international relations one of the great threats to world peace. We feel we have been guilty of world-betrayal if we have not forced other nations to accept our traditional techniques of decision-making or of economy. In politics and in religion we must be "right." But a Hindu does not persecute heretics or unbelievers; he has always considered it a duty to listen respectfully to their arguments. As the author says, no Indian Mussolini would ever post "Mussolini is always right" on the walls of his cities, not so much because he would not be believed, as because it would not matter. Their conflicts as a consequence do not generate the hard-shelled ideologies of hate which ours tend to produce. Alliances spring up and break down as unpredictably as surface emotions, and negotiation can go on all the time they are fighting. With Americans negotiations are called off when fighting begins and compromise gets itself defined as a betrayal of ideals. We must have appeasement or unconditional surrender. There tends to be no middle way which is congenial to our way of life.

Sizing up the Eastern disposition in this matter and using it to reveal to him the attitudes of Western man, Edmond Taylor came to put great emphasis upon the necessity of Western man's self-examination of his own soul if he was really in earnest about world cooperation for peace. The One World we need for self-survival cannot be a world pledged solely to our Western standards of thought and action. It may be the better for that, the author concludes, for he himself was enriched by discovering new standards in Asia. These by no means destroyed the validity of his own but they extended his horizon and instructed him in valuable but unfamiliar courses of action. It was liberating no longer to feel called upon to defend indefensible things in either culture.

"Richer by Asia" is a rewarding record of how one intelligent American learned to respect the values of another people, and, equipped with this new insight, to turn and reexamine his Western heritage. There is much in the book about the Eastern view of life, and fine vignettes of India. At another level it is a book for every thoughtful person who is interested in what is necessary if we are to achieve One World.

Ruth Benedict, well-known Columbia anthropologist, is the author of "The Chrysanthemum and the Sword" dealing with Japan.

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Radio Who's and How's

NEWS ON THE AIR. By Paul W. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 392 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MATTHEW GORDON

IN SEPTEMBER 1939, when Hitler invaded Poland, setting off the physical war in Europe, the Columbia Broadcasting System had just about completed a new news studio (the rather famous Studio Nine) and a new news room. Up to that time the so-called news studio in New York was a room which used drapes as an aid to sound-proofing and the news room where editors worked was not much bigger than a closet.

After a brief childhood in which radio news was largely concentrated on the "special event," Hitler's incorporation of Austria, followed swiftly by the political and propaganda assault upon Czechoslovakia, ending in Munich, had suddenly thrust radio news into great new responsibilities. Staffs had to be built up, new broadcasting methods of coverage had to be worked out. The stakes were great, and time short.

Paul W. White was director of news broadcasts for CBS in New York, during the early, zany years, into the crisis, and through the war. Under intelligent and enlightened CBS management, headed by William S. Paley, White in New York and the very brilliant Edward R. Murrow in London worked to build up a radio news organization to meet the challenge that history had imposed. It was a news organization which graduated many household names: Elmer Davis, William L. Shirer, Bob Trout, Charles Collingwood, Major George Fielding Eliot, Eric Sevareid, Larry Le Seuer, Ned Calmer, Bill Henry, and many others. Out of his experience with broadcasters and with the work of the staff of men behind the broadcasters, (so vital but often unsung), out of his life in a new pattern of news transmission—White has written a sort of textbook on "News on the Air."

Once again today we are in a time when the character and quality of news—in all media—is of great importance to all of us. How it is handled, how accurate it is, may mean a good deal. The more people know about how news is gathered and transmitted, and who does the gathering and transmitting, the better they will understand the news itself.

It is certainly not the best planned or organized text book in the world. White has been in the business a long time; he has a lot of information and a lot of memories. So he can't resist sliding off into somewhat extraneous anecdotes now and then, talking about his personal rivalry with A. A. Schecter, who used to be his opposite number at NBC, entering a defense of his battle with the commentators, and interlarding the book with the names of people who worked with him.

Also, some of the examples of news copy he cites run at too great length, particularly an illustration of how the news agencies handled the Nuremberg verdicts. Sometimes the book seems to me to be a bit too cute, sometimes a bit too clinical, occasionally too diffuse, and perhaps in need of some of the advice on editing which White imparts in his text. Yet, the book, which White says he tried to write "with radio technique in mind, even hoping that it was conversational enough to be read aloud," gets over, in its rather casual way, a great deal of information. In the main it does so quite painlessly, too, and you may get a few laughs while you learn.

It is a book of twenty chapters plus an annotated bibliography. It takes up radio news versus written news, tells how to write it, edit it, speak it. It gets into the history of radio news, legal restrictions, advances a position on how far commentators should go, discusses propaganda, the influence of fan mail, children's and other specialized news programs, dramatized news programs, sports, special events, interviews, how to go about getting a job, what the future holds, "including a preview of television."

White's book captures the spirit of some of the phases that have marked radio news broadcasting, and while it has its faults in organization, to one who has spent a good deal of time dealing with news in various media, it seems to be a valuable contribution to the knowledge of an important news medium, which will profit students, editors, and writers, and which listeners should look into as well.

Since March 1946 *Matthew Gordon, a lifetime newspaper man, has been chief press liaison officer for the United Nations. He wrote "News Is a Weapon."*

E.T.O. Post-War Tour

CONQUEROR'S PEACE. By Bud Hutton and Andy Rooney. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 92 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by SAUL K. PADOVER

THE writing team of Hutton and Rooney, former correspondents of *Stars and Stripes* and co-authors of the book by the same title, went to Europe last year for *Cosmopolitan* magazine to find out what had happened there since the end of the fighting. The pamphlet-type "Conqueror's Peace," subtitled "A Report to the American Stockholders," is the account of their tour of the war scenes from Normandy to Berlin.

It is a breezy book, written in the hard-boiled style of the kind that had made *Stars and Stripes* and *Yank* frequently such good reading during the war, when there was no room for subtleties and no time for second thoughts. "Conqueror's Peace" is quick, colorful, informal, and very readable.

Hutton and Rooney are good reporters and they tell honestly what they see and, particularly, hear. They do not look deeply beneath surfaces but move at a fast clip. Their book, therefore, is strangely unsatisfactory, despite its readability; it contains a minimum of insight, and lacks that thought-provoking reflectiveness which is one of the major reasons for cherishing, or writing, books.

What Messrs. Hutton and Rooney found in Europe is not very encouraging to the American "stockholders" who had made such a heavy contribution to the common victory. In France they discovered that the misbehavior (black market and sex, mostly) of a minority of GI's had left unpleasant memories in the minds of a number of Frenchmen. Another reminder of the American "occupation," they found, was the ubiquity of cherished GI clothing.

Most of the book is devoted to Germany, and here they re-tell the well-known stories of the occupation, of fräulein-relationships, of Ameri-

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can reactions. There is nothing new or startling here, but it all reads well. Hutton and Rooney were impressed with the universal docility of the Germans and shocked by the behavior of a "far from negligible minority" of American soldiers. This, in fact, is almost the *leitmotif* of the book.

The authors cite instances of sexual offenses, stealing, looting, and black marketing by many GI's. It cannot be denied that a small minority of our troops did, and perhaps still do, misbehave, but the authors greatly exaggerate both the extent of the misbehavior and its effect upon the Germans. As for German submissiveness, the authors observe wryly:

> Discipline seems to be something with which German babies are born. If OMGUS [Office of Military Government United States] issued an order that German babies were not to cry between the hours of five p.m. and eight a.m., German babies would probably stop crying between those hours. And if some of them did not, it is more than likely that their mothers would bring them to the American authorities as offenders.

One wishes that the authors had been more careful with their facts. "Conqueror's Peace" gives the impression of being a slapdash job, with no time to check data. The authors repeat the fantastic statement that 7,500,000 Germans were killed during the war, most of them in air raids, when the best available evidence gives the maximum German losses as around 3,000,000 (probably less), most of them suffered in battle (in Russia mainly). The chapter on DP's is particularly careless and insensitive. It gives the number of DP's in Zeilsheim (Hutton and Rooney consistently misspell it as *Zilsheim*) as 10,000, whereas the number hardly exceeded 3,000. Their description of this camp, which the reviewer visited frequently, reveals such a complete misunderstanding that one can only conclude that the authors glanced inside and passed on in a hurry.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 695)

MARLOWE:
TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

Weep heavens and vanish into liquid tears;
.....
Muffle your beauties with eternal clouds,
For hell and darkness pitch their pitchy tents,
And Death, with armies of Cimmerian spirits,
Gives battle 'gainst the heart of Tamburlaine.

Our Educational Deficiencies

THE SCHOOL IN THE AMERICAN SOCIAL ORDER. By Newton Edwards and Herman G. Richey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 880 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

HERE is an important book. It will be a great pity if its presumed appeal to educators is allowed to keep it from being read by laymen. It will therefore be the deliberate intent of this review to define its wide importance, leaving it to the educational journals to appraise it by their own standards.

The book is important to all of us because it succeeds brilliantly in placing education in its proper context and role in American life. For never before have we been in such dire need of seeing what education is for and why it must truly be far more successful than formerly in fulfilling its vital purpose if American democracy is literally to survive. Indeed, it is hard to ask the familiar words about this overwritten subject, to convey the necessary sense of our accomplishments to date, our grave inadequacies and inequalities, and the programming required to get the job done well.

This is the task here undertaken and here fulfilled. The senior author has the advantage of being trained as an economist before he went into the field of education. We therefore have here a sharply etched social and economic history of our land depicted as the background in organic relation to which the unfolding of American educational activity is described. We discover in this volume where we stand today in educational success and failure in a perspective which helps to reinforce the constructive emphases here advanced.

Perhaps the most outstanding of these emphases have to do with the more responsible role which has to be assumed by the Federal Government in order to assure our ability to meet the higher costs required; with the inequality of educational opportunity due to differential fertility in rural and urban areas; with the need for a qualitatively better general education for total personal and social effectiveness in a world as complex as the one our young people are today called upon to enter, and, finally, with the trend toward an extension of education for all into a thirteenth and fourteenth school year.

In effect, the last five chapters of this synoptic work are pamphleteering of the highest order, which might well be separately published at a later date under some such title as "How to Make the Performance of American Education Equal Its Promise."

There are maturity, objectivity, comprehensiveness, and statesmanship in this treatment. Here are the data with which can be supported the efforts towards improvement on numerous fronts and at the various age levels of education. That is why this is far more than a specialist's work. Actually, members of school boards and boards of trustees, legislators on committees of finance and education, members of parent-teacher associations, as well as all citizens concerned to further the cause of better education, will find this an ever-present help in these times of trouble. And, of course, if educators themselves, both administrators and teachers, do not repair to this volume for new vision, that will be a reprehensible omission.

This is, in short, a much-needed and indispensable weapon in the armory of democratic educational advance.

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Strictly Personal

REILLY WAS HERE

THERE is a genuine folklore in many common American phrases. One of these is "living the life of Reilly." I have heard it since my early youth, mostly in work camps. How did the phrase originate? Was there ever a real Reilly? Is there a mythical or a legendary Reilly who is recognizable? Has he in him the possibilities for development that Paul Bunyan had? Is he an American hero, or can he be made into one?

There is a chance that the question will never be answered, since radio, eager for food with which to satisfy its ever-increasing appetite, has adopted the phrase and built a serial around it called "The Life of Reilly." The weekly dramatization of a hitherto misty and legendary character is quickly transforming him into a concrete and very limited person. The poets and ballad makers, who very well might have done something better with him, have perhaps lost their opportunity. Pat Morrissette, an instructor in English at the University of Oregon, in the early thirties conceived the idea of developing the Reilly theme and person. He wrote six Reilly poems, and had this to say about Reilly himself:

> Living the life of Reilly has been a phrase current in the Pacific Northwest for several years. Its chief written expression has been found among editorial writers, who delight to use it in a mood to describe "the beatific state" of unforgettable moments of relaxation of the hunter, the woodsman, the fisherman, and the rancher. The phrase is used often with the same connotation as the Wordsworthian cliché "communing with nature" . . . Reilly has all the qualities of Saint Francis, Nimrod, and an Irish pixie, yet a being all his own. . . .

My own experience with the phrase leads me to think of Reilly as a fellow leading a lazy life with a capacity for enjoying it according to Reilly's standards. On the other hand one of the most energetic men in the country is Harold J. Reilly of New York, founder of Reilly's Health Service, who labors continually to keep businessmen, actors, and writers in good physical condition. He regularly gets out a periodical called *The Life of Reilly* and that life is full of vigor, strength, and activity. Yet basically it resolves itself into happiness, harmony with the world, and "feeling good." Meanwhile the original Reilly, if there was one, seems well on the way to being permanently lost. The task of saving him is a problem of American folklore. The material is ready, waiting for someone to use and develop it. Once Reilly tales are projected they have an excellent chance of reaching full stature as a legend. Generally speaking I would say the basic Reilly story should be that he was the kind of man who, whenever an urge to work came upon him, went to bed until it passed over.

FOLKLORE tends to become recognized when it has generations of time behind it. Most of the work of the folklorist has been with the past, and probably always will be. As editor of a magazine devoted to the subject I discovered that the most natural urge in young writers is for re-creation of the past, but with a desire to give it a contemporary, rather than a folklore quality. Of course, only a past that is close enough to seem credible to the present can actually be recreated with a contemporary quality. Few of the numerous poems about the real oldtimers and settlers of the West, and of the original breakers of the Santa Fe, California, and Oregon trails have been successful in this particular. Nor have the explorers and pioneers who preceded them been exciting and believable in their appearances in novels. Each has carried some elements of folklore, however, for the task of conceiving individuals in the past involves inclusion of at least some folk elements. The writer finds it necessary to see people of the past in the light of the general beliefs and actions of their period, and these general beliefs and actions are likely to be of the nature of folklore. It is the fixing of the specific fact which is contemporary; the specific facts being built around Reilly on the radio, for instance, are working directly against the folklore elements with which the passing of time has wrapped him. Indeed, in the end all history is folklore, for in the end all the past be-

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Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"NAT AND BOB"

In the following narrative, by Harriet Tomson, of Topeka, Kan., there are hidden the names of thirty-three modern writers. How many can you find? Allowing three points for each one, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty-four or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

One frosty day while bees flew from asters to goldenrod and robins on the lawn hopped around, Bob went to see Nat. Nat handed him some lemonade, crying, "Well, see who's here! It's hard you had to walk so far."

Bob sat under Nat's haw tree and rested. "I didn't walk. I rode my horse, but old Ben nettles me. He jogs so slow."

"What's the news?" Nat asked.

Bob wove some dry grass into a brown garland. "Why, one ill neighbor gave another smallpox."

"Who?"

"Lew is sick now. Hear that bell?" Oceans of sound swept over them. "I must go," Bob added.

"Whar to?" Nat inquired.

"Home." Robert stood. Like many bald, rich men, he smoked a pipe though he knew that tobacco stains the teeth. For some reason, the pipe went out. "I'd rather have an ulcer," fumed he, "than this thing."

Nat laughed and then urged: "Come into the house and see my new lexicon, radio, and picture. My lexicon is bound in kip. Linger long enough to see these treasures." So Bob went into the house.

"Alice, where art thou?" Nat called to his wife. "Warming thy feet on the hob, art thou?"

His wife, stouter than he, was pretty except for buck teeth. She wore a white dress. The fire was burning peat, tied in small bunches.

"Such art!" she laughed, indicating the new picture. In a large shell, a barge riding the waves was painted against a stormy sky. "Sent to Nat by a friend in Belgium or Leyden, I forget which."

Next to it was a sword protruding from its scabbard, its hilt on the mantel.

Finally Bob left, saying, "Well, man, I'm glad to have visited with you."

"Come back next week, Bob. Our daughters will be home then, and are our gals worthy of admiration!"

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comes general rather than particular. Thus re-creation, with particular fact, is not folklore; folklore is the crystallization of the general, the gathering together into a point all the broad characteristics of a time or a people.

The recent history of American folklore elements show strikingly in people at their occupations. The economic life of the West up to this time has been maintained principally by stock-raising, grain-raising, fruit-raising, lumbering, and mining, and by the production of oil. The folk art and the popular art resulting from these occupations has been endless; a comparatively brief period in cattle-raising, when there were open ranges and cowboys carried guns, stimulated a stream of popular romances which is apt to become a permanent minor current in our culture.

Each of these occupations produced a type of individual, a class of people, and a way of life in conformity with its circumstances and demands. The very bodies of the people adapted themselves to the daily routine which dominated them; their minds and their personalities went into the weather of their work. The plowman of yesterday had stooped shoulders and a gait gained from walking in furrows; his thoughts and dreams and talk were of crops, the breeding of animals, the seasons, and local politics. When he used figures of speech he chose metaphors from the subjects and the actions of his daily work. The cowboy was different; his legs were bowed from riding his horse, he walked on high heels, and because he was more lonely he became a poetic figure. The miner shaped his body to a different task, used different tools, and found his thoughts and his talk filled with the names of ores and veins and outcroppings. The sheepherder, like the cowboy, was hardened by weather, accustomed to irregular and far horizons, and to long distances, space, and dust; and he craved the food and drink and gregariousness available only in towns. Sheepherders and cowboys, enemies for so long, were in many ways alike. They invented ways to amuse themselves in their loneliness, and they developed customs and traditions far different from those of the farmer and the miner.

THERE was also the woman of the ranch or the farm; about her romance swirled like a dust storm. There were not many women in the early West, and each had to represent, in her particular area, all the mysticism of her sex. There was also the circuit riding preacher, who brought comfort and hope to those who were willing to accept his particular brand of these commodities. And there were the lumber workers, more social than the farmer or the rancher, but with harder feelings, more brutality, and possibly more imagination. They were concerned with a task of destruction, cutting trees it took nearly a century to grow, upsetting the system of water control, and leaving the soil ready for erosion. The lumbermen worked in groups, fought with their fists or wrestled, and generally came out less poetic and romantic than the farmer and cowboy. This may have been only because they were less lonely.

More recently seasonal workers in the orchards have been the subject of many stories, and during the depression there was a spate of tales about bums. Generally, however, folklore tends toward the lonely workers who are bound together by an occupation which is integrated with the life of the entire nation, so that a pattern similar to the epic tradition of an isolated individual bound to a general humanity is exemplified. The railroads, for instance, have been prolific in folklore since their earliest days. There is a loneliness, a majesty, and an urgency about a train roaring through the night which cries for a ballad or a song. The loneliness of our racial minorities, the Indians, the Negroes, the immigrant nationalities, tends to the story and the novel rather than the ballad and the poem, for with them the loneliness is the loneliness of a group. But they are adventurers in a strange land and they are building their own folklore, though at the present time the loneliness is so contemporary, so surrounded by fact and detail, that the generalities of folklore are obscured.

—*From "Contemporary American Painting."*

"Tom Kenney Comes Home," by Frank Mechau.

Folklore, in fact, is the natural end of a cycle of man's activities, just as wine is the end of the cycle of the grape. It is the essence of all the fruit of the vine, with the individual grapes crushed into anonymity and brought together in a single general identity. The rapidity with which everything happens in the United States has called for a speedup in this process, so that Casey Jones, who was a real person, has been crushed, drained, and brought forth as the essence of all brave railroad engineers, without losing the name which originally was attached only to his particular personality. It has been a successful transformation and no doubt there will be others like it. Such a thing will not happen to Reilly, though it is possible that by some terrifying metathesis of time the very opposite may take place. Reilly may proceed from the mist of legend to the identity of William Bendix, who impersonates him on the radio, and may thus be congealed into a particular personality after having endured previously as a legend. Anything can happen in America, as Kilroy, who was here, can testify. The entire history of our country, in fact, is apt to be received by the people of 10,000 A.D. as the most preposterous and fantastic piece of folklore ever invented by an imaginative but irrational and highly undependable people.

H. S. MERRIAM.

H. S. Merriam is a teacher at Montana State University. He was from 1920 *until* 1939 *editor of the magazine known for a time as* Frontier *and later as* Frontier and Midland.

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"Manners Maketh Man"

W. H. AUDEN has named his latest book "The Age of Anxiety," perhaps as good a label as any for what we have so far seen of the twentieth century. While anxiety may produce feverish enterprise, as if everyone was aware of approaching doom and was in a hurry to get somewhere before the thunderbolt fell, while it can bring out the best and the worst in men, it cannot produce the tact, thoughtfulness, and understanding between men and between nations that go under the heading of good manners. A worried man who is trying to conceal from himself that his business is failing, that he may lose his job, or his wife, or that he or his son may have to fight in the next war, is a man who easily loses his temper at home and abroad. A woman who feels that her future is uncertain, that the security on which her tranquillity depends is endangered, can be irritating to her office associates, or cross with her husband and children. The effort to escape anxiety may have even worse results, ranging from stomach ulcers, various neuroses, the consumption of harmful soporifics, or the creation of dream worlds from which the eventual awakening is worse than the original disease. But whatever the result, politeness as a lubricant and an anti-irritant has gone overboard today, and shrillness and violence reign.

You can study the demoralization of manners in our literature, you can read it in newspaper headlines. There would be fewer divorces, fewer dead husbands and murders of beautiful blondes if ugly words and hasty, ugly deeds had not prefaced the final blow. There would be fewer international crises if diplomats were not forced to abandon diplomacy and to resort to violent gestures and raucous speeches that would have shocked Metternich. Since this age of anxiety is here for a long time, perhaps one of the changes that may save us will be the development of a code of manners, created out of sheer necessity.

But what kind of manners and how can they be taught? Surely we do not want the gallantry of the eighteenth century, the age of reason, or the top-hatted gentlemanly conduct of the Edwardians. Manners then belonged to the aristocracy or the upper middle class, were a concomitant of wealth and privilege.

The lower classes aped the rigid decorum of their "betters" with laughable results, for their accents betrayed what was presumed to be their essential vulgarity. The amateur gentleman and lady were common subjects of ridicule in fiction until twenty-five or so years ago, when Mayfair began to adopt the bad manners of Whitechapel. The novelist and the satirist, bent on destroying the remnants of Victorian conventions, rapidly followed suit. We now have a generation of adult men and women who have been brought up on novels in which most of the male characters acted like incorrigible adolescents and the females yearned for sexual experience and pursued their goal with the tenacity, but without the tact or restraint, of any well-trained courtesan. Most people, of any class, have too great a regard for themselves and for those they care for to imitate the outrageous behavior illustrated in the novels they read. Ingrained in human nature there is, we trust, a respect for goodness, even for nobility of character. D. H. Lawrence tried to establish "nature's gentleman," the inherent courtesy and tenderness of the untutored and uncouth human being. However great he was proclaimed to be by the critics, the very people who might have profited by acquaintance with gentleness and manners on the farm and in the miner's cottage never read him. He interested or influenced only the intellectuals and writers, like Aldous Huxley, whose creative gifts were devoted to destroying the rules on which they had been bred. But even if Lawrence had been followed by a whole school of American writers, the theme of innate good manners could hardly have gained ground through the years of prohibition when gangsters and murders were featured on the front pages of daily newspapers.

Our most successful novelists of contemporary behavior were nihilists when it came to the rules of conduct that could be applied to daily life. Consider William Faulkner's studies of Southern degeneracy, Caldwell's ribaldry in "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre," Hemingway's brutality in "To Have and Have Not," Cain's ruthless men and women caught in the sterile passions in which he specializes, Steinbeck's absurdly good-natured drunks and golden-hearted prostitutes, or Fitzgerald's specimens of the lost generation. In these writers, who are recognized as great and who are now read in translations the world around, there was no sustenance for young minds striving to make sense of and especially to learn how to behave in a kind of world their parents could never understand. When chastity went out of the novelist's window and the baby, to use Mr. Cain's title, was thrown out of the icebox, the high-school girl or boy, avidly reading to discover what life and love were like, found no substitute for their parents' outworn and outmoded conceptions of how the young should behave. All of the books of etiquette and the newspaper columns and radio features on advice to the married and the unmarried failed to be a substitute for a recognized code of manners that could be applied to the small and great moments of crises which the future would bring. When manners left the novel, so did polite or even intelligent conversation. Hemingway invented the clipped phrase, the abrupt and telling sentence, as a substitute for polite or even entertaining communication. The longwindedness of the Victorian writers was revenged. Love in our novels was no longer made with tender words couched in charming sentences; girls were grabbed, not tenderly embraced, and were seduced without the benediction of an introduction.

Now that the age of anxiety is in full swing and somewhere in the backs of the minds of everyone, however far back it may be thrust, there exists the specter of economic chaos or of another war, we can no longer afford this inadequate approach to civilized life. We must, indeed, become civilized, or die of the lack of the rules of decent behavior we have for so long despised. There are signs that the instinct for a more positive literature, in which this necessity must be recognized, is returning. This does not mean "elegant" or even "fine" writing, but the use of the English language by writers who are not ashamed of eloquence to convey the sense of an orderly and consecutive life, cloaked in words that express adequately whatever faith and beauty we can find in nature and in our hearts. The necessary codes of manners, founded on the dignity inherent in human nature, will follow as the day pursues the night. H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Best-Seller Robinson

SIR: In Garrett Mattingly's review of Mr. Hendrick's "James Harvey Robinson: Teacher of History" [*SRL* June 7], the statement is made, "His many textbooks have long since been superseded . . . [and] . . . nothing now remains of all that honesty and learning . . . except the fading tradition of an influence." In this connection you and perhaps your readers might be interested in knowing that during the last complete royalty year, that is, November 1, 1945, to October 31, 1946, we sold over eleven thousand of the textbooks of which Professor Robinson was the sole author. These books were exclusively his own work and had not been revised or added to by another. If we should include, however, the textbooks of which he was part author or upon which we pay royalty to the trustee under his will on account of his services as general editor, the number that we sold during the royalty year 1945-46 would amount to many times eleven thousand copies. Does not much more of his influence remain than a "fading tradition"?

ERNEST N. STEVENS.

Boston, Mass.

The Controversial Eagle

SIR: I am still for Mr. Smith and his noisy eagle [*SRL* Mar. 15]. Mr. Cousins's generalizations seem to me to be unfair to a country whose morals still stand out in the family of nations. "Our legislators were preoccupied with the sorting of the take" indeed! How many out of how many? And what was the record elsewhere?

One of the many things about which the eagle might sing is the sight of an editor who is free to take public issue with the president of his publishing company.

But, of course, the United States—like *The Saturday Review*—will soon have to make up its mind.

NARD JONES.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: The Eagle and his scream have now been analyzed. In a world made One by science, all those who, like Mr. Harrison Smith, believe that we must have a song "dedicated to our strength and virtues" must realize that such a song, multiplied by similar songs of all other nations, must inevitably sound the death-knell of modern civilization as we have known it. You, in the July 5 issue, have made this abundantly clear. I think your particularly relevant sentence should be written on the first page of every American history book, and on the fly-leaf of every new edition dealing with international problems. I refer to:

> The trouble with songs of greatness is that they are too easy to strut to, and strutting and marching are not far apart.

I think it is possible, before it is too late, for the American people to bring their concerted influence on our political leaders to the end that we shall now wage peace—wage it with the same fervor with which we once waged war. Peace, far from being negative, is, in reality, Victory Over War. Only by waging victory over war can our great nation, or any other, survive in the atomic age.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart for answering the H. S. editorial. When I read "Let The Eagle Scream" I blushed, as thousands of others must have done who thought of kerosened potatoes, recent shipments of arms to the corrupt fascist government of China—not to mention the double dose of atomic hell we unnecessarily let loose over Japan. The vast number of people in this country who do feel a responsibility—and the number is growing—must be more closely organized into an articulate group. Your editorial speaks for those thousands.

LAWRENCE M. DURYEE.

Middlebury, Conn.

"My friend does all his figuring on a typewriter."

SIR: America, the land to which Schmidt, Olsen, and Ivanovitch, Diaz, O'Brien, and La Doux (I mention but a very few) would come and give their girls and boys the chance each one of ours enjoys. And when they come, how firm they cleave to shores that *no one wants to leave!* It's true—when all is said and done by Smith and Cousins, there's but one Republic in the cosmic scheme like ours—so let the eagle scream.

Then in your editorial "Guts and Conscience" [*SRL* May 31] we learn that the American Communist is a miserable and contemptible form of under-the-rock political life. We also learn that we can't get at them by driving them underground. Rather an incongruous juxtaposition of ideas—you cannot drive Communists underground any more than you can send angels to heaven or devils to hell. It is their natural habitat.

What I seriously object to is the statement, "And unless those facts can tell truthfully of a sound and progressive America . . . in which there is enough opportunity to go around . . . then no amount of . . . anti-Communist hysteria will keep our children from becoming Communists. . . ." Of course hysteria won't turn the trick, either way.

What should have been said is just this: "And as these facts tell truthfully of a sound and progressive America, etc., etc., no amount of Communist hysteria can make our children Communists." After all is said and done, this is still the one country to which they want to come from all over the world and from which there has never been an emigration. That is the final justification of our republican form of government.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD.

New York, N. Y.

Goudy Biography

SIR: For several years I have been working on a biography of Fred W. Goudy, with his assistance and approval. I should like very much to hear from anyone who may have unusual items to contribute to the nearly completed work. Credit will be given and everything promptly returned.

(REV.) CHARLES E. PONT.

537 Park Place,
Brooklyn 16, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

TWO OTHER RACES OF MEN

I HAVE an uncle, a military man, whom I love dearly. He is a retired general, and has the head of a Caesar. Not of Suetonius's later tribe, Roman on both sides of the family tree, but such a head as the mighty Julius's descendants might have had, had marriage conquered him when he was conquering Britain. The pink coat of the hardier country squires of another century, the black robes of a jurist, or Canterbury's vestments would become him as much as a toga. Or, for that matter, as did our own khaki. Any British painter from Reynolds and Raeburn down to Sargent or Orpen would have found him brushworthy. But so would Stuart and Sully. Because somehow he is as unmistakably American as he is martial.

My uncle is always as neat as if he were about to hold an inspection or be inspected. His orderliness does not stop with his person. It begins there. Among the honorary degrees he holds one must have come from the Spit-'N'-Polish School. His is not a passion for neatness; it is a lust. His bedroom, as free of non-essentials as a barrack; his ever-immaculate study; his bookshelves (the drill-like tidiness of their arrangement even more than their military contents); his stripped files; his bulging wastepaper basket; especially the top of his desk, which is as empty as a parade ground after drill—all these are keys to his character. They persuade me to my shame that, though we are fond blood relatives, we belong to different races.

Did Elia divide the human species into two distinct races, *the men who borrow* and *the men who lend?* Surely, this planet teems with more such racial sub-divisions on the basis of temperament and inclination than Lamb recognized or than the ethnologists admit. Among these none is more clearcut than the line of demarcation separating *those who collect* from *those who throw away.*

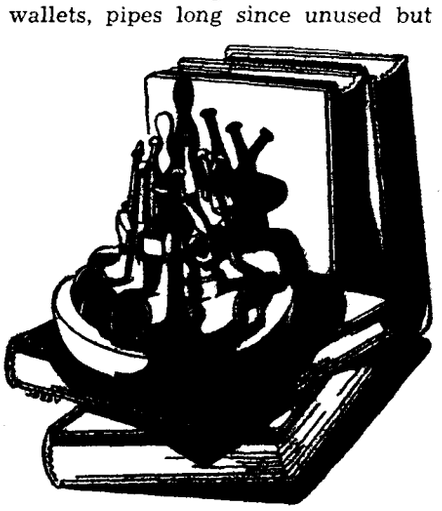
If tidiness is the attribute of the latter and messiness the curse of the former, it is not, I insist, because the one is by nature clean, the other unclean. That is too easy an explanation, although I have a suspicion my uncle may be partial to it. The differences run far deeper than washable skin or a desk which could be put in order. They are interior matters, well beyond the reach of sapolio, and endless in their ramifications.

Let me go back to my uncle as a symbol. Throwing away things with him is more than a habit. It is a principle. He is a campaigner who likes to travel light in life. He takes the same pleasure in destroying papers of all kinds that I do in saving them. For him a newspaper is something to be read, with a good many despairing or amused shakes of his head at the proofs it sets before him daily of mortal folly—and then cast aside.

He does not snip an article here and there, as I am afraid I do, meaning to file it away but seldom hoarding it in a place where I can find it afterwards. Print leaves him untyrannized. He refuses to succumb, in my fashion, to the notion (or is it a hope?) that the fleeting moments are somehow granted permanence by being caught in type.

The same disrespect he shows for journalism he has for letters. He reads the letters which come his way. That is, if they are not too long-winded. If they are, he depends upon his wife to give him a *précis* of them. Often, however, this is impossible because, before my aunt has had a chance to see them, he has torn them into shreds and dropped these letters down the oubliette of his wastebasket. If this custom makes my uncle somewhat unreliable as a dispenser of family news, it has the virtue of keeping his mind as uncluttered as is his study.

His desk drawers are models of selection. Mine bulge with abandoned wallets, pipes long since unused but never thrown away, with photographs, notebooks, bank statements, ink bottles, clusters of string, engagement books for years back, circulars, appeals, crayon drawings by my children, and mountains of unanswered letters.



If my uncle's desk is innocent of unanswered letters, this is because he either tears up those he does not choose to answer or passes them along to my aunt for her to answer. His folders are wonderfully disciplined. They are held down to scant essentials—business matters, some dry-as-dust begat and begot details of the family, a copy of the "Farmer's Almanac," and a map, which we consult each summer as part of our vacation, of the family plot in a Louisville cemetery with our permanent dwelling spaces already allocated.

ALTHOUGH he has the fondness for conversation of the Southern-born, when it comes to the written word the frugality he shows is Yankee. His own epistolary style except when for a sentence or two he is indulging in a joke or a classical fantasy of incredible ingenuity, is modeled on the "Anabasis" and the "Gallic War." His letters are apt to move as directly to their points as if they were orders, and be subdivided in good army fashion into numbered paragraphs. His sentences gain in pungency because of their brevity. They are as unlittered as his desktop.

As a man of action, my uncle distrusts words. He is, however, no enemy of literature, at least of what he recognizes as literature. Only a few novels can be found on his shelves, and in such military surroundings these seem as out of place as camp followers. The annals of campaigns or the lives of generals are not unnaturally his specialty. History he cherishes, even if by his incessant discarding he sets an example which, if universally followed, would make the writing of history impossible.

My uncle is as selective in the books he collects as he is in the papers he keeps. He is convinced, with reason, that too many people write, and that too few who do write have anything to say. Often when he surveys the countless new volumes announced in the literary magazines and supplements, or sees the pile of new books by his wife's chair, he pats his head dejectedly, outraged at the damage done to forests the world over by professional wordmongers. Most contemporary publications do not satisfy his taste for letters. They merely increase his ardor as a conservationist.

It always embarrasses me, and pains him, to have my uncle see my study. He is too kind to do much more than

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clear his throat several times upon entering it. Yet I notice the wonder (I always hope it is not the disapproval) which lights his dark eyes when he looks at the sixty pictures of every size and kind, and not all of them hung straight, with which my walls and bookcases are spattered. I know he is horrified to find Duse perched above the *U.S.S. Augusta*. Or Isadora Duncan dancing to the starboard of Admiral Kirk. Or a letter of Andrew Jackson's nestling next to Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. Or Charles Mathews almost treading upon the head of Jeb Stuart. Or Shaw, Matthew Arnold, Max Beerbohm, and an extremely crotchety Carlyle for no special reason gazing across the room at my wife's baby picture. Or an engraving of the young Queen Victoria leaning against a Currier and Ives of the *Natchez* and *Eclipse* racing by moonlight under funnels of hot smoke down an all-blue Mississippi.

I am equally aware that my uncle could not have reviewed Coxey's Army with greater disbelief than he surveys the books piled sidewise in the bookcases which envelop my room and are built over my bed and desk. Or the books rising mountainously in ranges from the tables at the top of my bed or peeking out of boxes on the floor beneath. I must admit I have seen my uncle's face blanch (or was it redden?) as his eyes have fallen (no difficult task) on the mound of newspapers and magazines tucked in one corner of the room; on the little Mayan clay figures and midget china dogs scattered haphazardly at the front of more accessible shelves; or on the Victrola records sandwiched in above odd volumes here and there.

I always mean to straighten things up. For eight years now I have looked forward to the day when I could dig into the mound of newspapers; when I could return the Victrola records to their proper albums; and arrange the books so that all of them, and not an unpredictable few, would be in their proper and identifiable places. But that day has never come. Nor is the prospect of its coming any nearer than it was eight years ago. Although this distresses my wife, to put it mildly, and scandalizes my uncle, it does not bother me at all. I have grown fond—very fond—of the disorder.

I will admit there are times when the top of my desk disgusts me almost as much as it aggravates my secretary. She, however, is allowed to solve this problem merely by facing the typewriter which means turning her back on the chaos I find both comforting and comfortable. Not for anything would I let my uncle glance into my desk drawers or take a look into my files. My tragedy (more ac-

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THE NEW
INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY
Vol. XI July 26, 1947 No. 7

Seeks Missing Boss; Finds Dirty Work

When engineer Kenneth Marsh reported for his new job at his firm's Mexico City office, the branch manager gave him a strangely hurried interview. Marsh was told to return two hours later. When he did, the branch manager and an important file had both vanished.

In trying to trace his missing boss, Marsh and his fetching Mexican-Irish secretary found themselves in the center of a dangerous plot with international implications. They were watched by the F.B.I. and State Department. They were pursued by a mysterious German, a young Mexican aristocrat who was both friend and enemy, and a fat dilettante of no nationality and no morals.

What Marsh finally uncovered was a kind of dirty work that is going on today at crossroads all over the world. The story is told in the new Inner Sanctum Mystery:

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curately, my pleasure) is that I have not his courage in dispensing with the ephemeral. I might have if I could persuade myself that it was ephemeral. This I cannot bring myself to do. Only recently have I been able to discard publishers' mimeographed announcements, or letters stating rather curtly, "Under separate cover we are sending you a copy of ———." Theatre programs are the sole things which do not tempt me. I would as soon collect locust shells. But in most other respects mine is the Collyer urge. I cannot have enough of the lint of living.

I try to excuse myself to myself by saying that, if my room is a housekeeper's despair (except on party nights when, under orders, all papers are tossed at the last moment into my desk), the reason is that my room leads a multiple life. It is an office, a bedroom, a library, a file room, a supply room, in which the sounds of the typewriter, the radio, the telephone, and the Victrola can all be heard at unforeseeable, and sometimes overlapping, moments.

Even so, I know deep within me that this excuse is no more than a monster fib. If I had six rooms instead of one, each of these would swiftly be snowed under with accumulations of what my uncle has the hardihood to banish. The cause for this is not the different needs of the different professions we have followed, nor the life-long habits they engender. Like pilots in the harbor, these go only a short way. The ultimate explanation lies, no doubt, in those inexplicable dissimilarities within one family which led us into choosing our professions.

My uncle, I suppose, is the more genuine realist. He is willing to let by-gones be by-gones. I cannot. He does not try to arrest the moving finger of the clock. I do. He wants the reticences of the past respected, kept sealed within the treasuring mind, and not made accessible for prying, and perhaps unsympathetic, eyes to scan. I know the heartache of letters, yellowed and crisping, which suddenly bring back the day that was and those who made it. For me, however, the pain is more than compensated for by the pleasure of the evocation.

My uncle, as I have said, is wise enough to wish to travel light. I am sufficiently foolish to want to travel heavy. My poignant hope is that the unimportant may prove important. Whether it does or not is of little matter to me. To me it is important anyway. It is only on moving days that I regret belonging to that other race, the incurable accumulators.

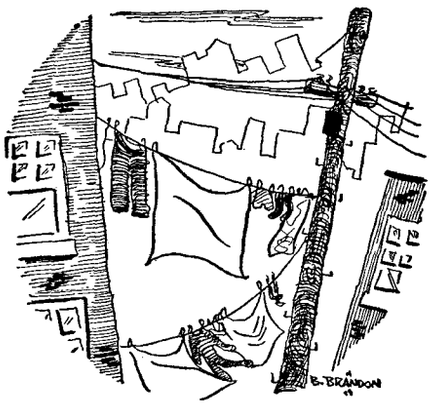
JOHN MASON BROWN.

Mr. Dubkin's Daydreams

ENCHANTED STREETS. By Leonard Dubkin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 210 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

THIS modest volume is the fruit of one year's unemployment in the life of a Chicago newspaperman—or, rather, not a newspaperman. "For who ever heard of a newspaperman," says Mr. Dubkin, "usually portrayed as a hard-boiled character forever rushing to a fire, a battle, or the scene of some crime, standing on a bridge watching the gulls wheel about over the river, or lying flat on his stomach in the grass observing an ant colony?" Mr. Dubkin's unemployment began, in fact, when he



missed a scoop on a murder because he was observing squirrels in the murderer's attic. The newspaper world of Chicago could not, in the end, adjust itself to a man who was disposed to sit down in the first empty lot he came to, whatever the business in hand, and lose himself in the observation of bugs and worms.

The conscientious job-holder is bound to follow this report of a year's unemployment with a sort of half-suppressed anxiety over the future of a man who forgets the day's work so easily. Mr. Dubkin did have moments of anxiety on his own account, and he suffered from his lack of status. In India, one supposes, he might have passed for a holy man; but Chicago is different. His salvation, finally, was the writing of this book, which justified his idleness, *ex post facto,* by giving it purpose.

> I would write a book [he told himself] about my year of unemployment, of wandering about the city looking for a job and watching nature at the same time. I would start at the beginning, when I was fired from the paper, and go through the whole year, writing of the things I had seen in empty lots and parks and from the tops of tall buildings. I would write of watching insects in the grass, of climbing into the tree in Lincoln Park to listen to the sparrows, of the rats under Wacker Drive, of picking cocoons in winter. Then, if I achieved what I hoped to, if I wrote of that year as I had lived it, the people who lived in cities and who . . . thought nature could have no meaning for a city-dweller, would realize that there was a world of absorbing fascinating life in every tree and bush they passed on their way to work, in every lawn and yard and empty lot and park, and even in the cracks in the city pavement and under the streets and in the air over their heads.

The lack of pretension, in purpose and achievement alike, disarms criticism. Mr. Dubkin is not a trained or informed observer of nature, and while he has a speculative tendency he is not a hard-thinking philosopher. It is enough, for the purpose of this book, that he observes and speculates at all, that he cannot let a butterfly pass him on the street without watching it and wondering what it is doing there, that he cannot simply take for granted the insect-life in the grass or the passage of birds through the city. This sympathetic curiosity in itself makes him something of a holy man—a follower of St. Francis.

I should add that he lacks doctrine. The reader of "Enchanted Streets" will find much philosophizing but no philosophy. Mr. Dubkin has the gift of daydreaming and his speculations have the quality of daydream. He wonders whether the mayfly, which has only a few hours of winged life after a summer as a grub in the grass, does not in its larval stage anticipate and live for its evening of "wild, orgiastic dancing and sex." He offers personal opinions on such subjects, and on others more abstract, which he does not, perhaps, take very seriously himself. Because he believes that "the only difference" between the ballooning spider, which sails through the air on a wind-blown filament, and the other species of spider "is the former's urge to sail off on a silken thread," he supposes that he could be classified as a new species of man because of his "instinct for high places." This is the very essence of daydreaming, and "Enchanted Streets" is in large part a simple record of daydreams.

It also displays, in particular passages, a gift for descriptive writing, as in the account of the little blue butterflies: "The only word I can think of to describe their flight is lilting; they lilt up and down among the tall grass and weeds like little puppet butterflies performing a dance."

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A Practical Reformer

FORGOTTEN FIRST CITIZEN: JOHN BIGELOW. By Margaret Clapp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 390 pp. $4.

Reviewed by RUDOLPH VON ABELE

JOHN BIGELOW was ninety-five when he died in 1911; and his life had been extraordinarily crammed with activity. Member of the board of inspectors of Sing Sing prison; managing editor with William Cullen Bryant of the *New York Evening Post;* campaigner for Fremont and Tilden; consul in Paris and minister during the critical days of the Civil War and immediately after; chairman of the commission which investigated fraud in the Erie Canal; one of the most active founders of the New York Public Library; believer in free trade, militant democracy, progress, self-help, thrift, and sanitation, he was one of those extremely useful public servants the main reward of whose work lies in the work itself. His energy was inexhaustible; so was his curiosity. In the midst of his other work he still found time, for instance, to edit Franklin's "Autobiography" from the original manuscript, to edit ten volumes of Franklin's other writings, and to write a two-volume biography of Samuel Tilden, whose close friend he was for many years. Only a few weeks before his death he was urging the New York City government to adopt systematic methods of garbage disposal and street cleaning.

The most dramatic years of his life were those spent in Paris during the Civil War, when he engaged in a successful war with Confederate agents for the support of the French government. To the story of his ceaseless, clever battle with John Slidell and Napoleon III's ministers over the building of warships in France destined for the Confederate Navy, Dr. Margaret Clapp devotes a third of her biography of Bigelow. The book is a thorough, documented, well-planned depiction of the career of a representative of a type of man upon whom depends, in large part, the efficient and honest functioning of the civil service in a democracy. Bigelow could have had much more in the way of position and public honor; as it was he achieved substantial financial success and a reputation among those who knew what he was, and what he did. But he repeatedly declined the opportunity to aggrandize himself, especially when to do so would bring him into close contact with corrupt persons. Dr. Clapp believes this to be in part at least a result of his sudden conversion at thirty-seven to Swedenborgianism, and a tendency through the rest of his life to subordinate ambition for place or prominence to the fulfilment of the prime duties to "family, friends, country, and God."

This may be so, but it fails to answer the more interesting questions which a superficial examination of Bigelow's life suggest. Why was he converted to Swedenborg? What was it that compelled him to the kind of work and the spheres of interest in which he busied himself? A study devoted to the end of understanding, so far as possible, the motivations and childhood factors which produce Bigelow's type—the practical reformer—would have been most valuable. Dr. Clapp, in an interesting and readable volume, has given any future student of that type much significant material; and in the process has brought back to life a man who eminently deserves

Rudolph Von Abele is head of the World Government Institute at Rollins College. His biography of Alexander H. Stephens was published last spring.

For the thousands who enjoyed

The Brothers Ashkenazi

SEEDTIME

A Novel

by Leo Katz

A masterly folk novel—at once sad and gay—of the Rumanian peasant revolt in 1907 and its repercussions in a Balkan border city. Humor like Sholem Aleichem's salts the story—a tale of everyday life among the local Jews which deepens in mood when a pogrom flares, and lightens into a sardonic finale. SEEDTIME is a novel of warmth and wisdom—of exalted poetry and power.

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Health of the Nation

1. Public

MEDICINE IN THE CHANGING ORDER. Report of the New York Academy of Medicine Committee on Medicine and the Changing Order. New York: The Commonwealth Fund. 1947. 258 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ERNST P. BOAS, M.D.

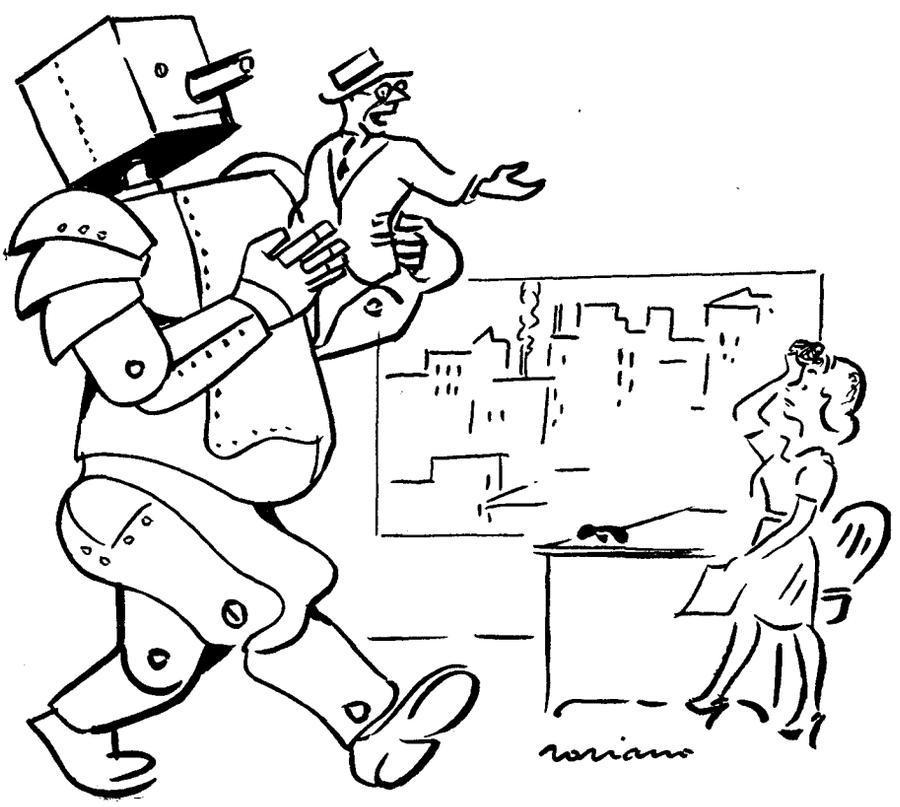
ON ITS hundredth anniversary, the New York Academy of Medicine, long a leader in the field of medicine and public health, has published this study on the condition of the body of medicine, which should prove interesting reading for the layman. For four years its Committee on Medicine and the Changing Order employed many specialists and had recourse to the most thorough analytic measures to arrive at a diagnosis of the present state of medicine, and to venture a prognosis and outline treatment. The factual basis for the conclusions embodied in this final volume of the Academy's studies may be found in a series of excellent monographs that have appeared in the past year. These concern themselves with the history of American medical practice, public health, medicine in industry, nursing, dentistry, medical education, the hospital, health insurance, and medical services by government, and were prepared by experts such as Dr. Bernhard J. Stern, Professor Mustard, Dr. E. H. L. Corwin, and Professor Shryock.

Each page in the summary volume gives evidence of the changing order in medicine. Here is convincing testimony that the very advances in scientific knowledge and in technical skill, with the resulting increase in specialism, in the employment of laboratory test and of hospitals, and the mounting cost of medical education have brought the cost of modern medicine beyond the capacity of all but a few of our people. The record shows that illness is three times as frequent among the poorest families, yet their expenditures for medical care are one-third of that of those with incomes over $3,000. The number of physicians, the number of hospitals, and the quality of medical care in a community are directly dependent on the wealth of that community, and this is the chief reason why rural areas and many of the Southern states have such inadequate medical services.

The report dwells on the prime need of planning for high quality medical care, and insists again and again that "the lack of medical facilities in all or even a majority of instances is not due to a lack of financial resources." The need for developing public health services by providing full-time public health officers is stressed, and, too, the need for appropriating a minimum of one dollar per capita to implement their work. Recognition is given to the changing emphasis in public health work. With the increasingly successful control of infectious diseases, and the consequent prolongation of the average life span, and the aging of the population, the chronic diseases such as heart diseases, cancer, and rheumatism are becoming the major concern of public health officials. The control of these diseases is termed preventive medicine in contrast to public health because it must be planned on an individual basis, not by impersonal mass methods such as sewage control or vaccination. The committee unequivocally expresses its belief that preventive medicine is an individual responsibility and not a concern of government, and hence that it can be achieved through voluntary health insurance and public education.

Although it sees the limitations of voluntary health insurance plans, the committee recommends their extension as the major measure to spread medical care. With full knowledge that the fee-for-service system of payment to physicians under such plans invites abuses and prohibitive costs, the committee hesitates to recommend alternative methods such as the capitation or salary system of remuneration. The committee believes that further experimentation with voluntary plans is needed, although years of experience in Europe have shown the inadequacy of voluntary insurance; and the few successful voluntary plans in existence in this country are all given by organized groups of physicians receiving salaries. It recognizes that, unaided, the voluntary plans cannot solve the problems of a large section of the population, and recommends government subsidy—local, state, or federal—for such plans.

On the other hand the committee is convinced that compulsory medical insurance at this time would lead to deterioration of the health of the public, and of the science and practice of medicine. It marshals the well-worn arguments that when compulsory insurance has been introduced in any country, the quality of medical service tends to decline; that the cost of administration would be prohibitive and that standardization and bureaucratic regulation would burden the system. This has been amply controverted by official statements of the British Medical Association. In the matter of costs the committee has fallen into serious error, quoting a figure approximately twelve billion dollars as the over-all cost of medical benefits under the Wagner-Murray-



"Is the patent attorney in?"

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Dingell bill when, as a fact, the medical costs would be four billion dollars. The larger figure applies to the total Social Security benefits including old age, disability, and unemployment insurance.

In pinning its hopes on governmentally subsidized private plans, the committee has not escaped the dilemma of government control, although it seems to be unaware of it. Most of the present voluntary private plans are governed by physicians primarily for the benefit of physicians. Would they have these plans subsidized without giving the public, the consumer of medical care, a voice in their planning and management? And, if large government funds are poured into these private plans, what measures and safeguards should government adopt to assure that these moneys are spent to the best interests of the patient?

This report dismisses the idea of other than voluntary systems and yet presents the fact that the very changing face of disease accentuates the need for preventive medicine, which depends on the availability of good medical service for diagnosis and treatment, and need, which is the best argument for government to assume responsibility for making such facilities available to all its citizens.

The Academy, in its exhaustive analysis of the medical scene, has placed its finger on most of the sore spots. It has outlined the important fields of development—the extension of public health services, the expansion of hospital services, the improvement of medical education, expansion of research, and the development of group medical practice. But, when it comes to the problem of financing the cost of these measures to extend and improve medical care, one gains the impression that it has feared to face the magnitude of the problem, and the implications of governmental responsibility for medical care, and has sought refuge in half-way measures that have already been discarded in other countries, more advanced in their methods for distributing medical care than we are. There is no doubt that complsory health insurance would upset many of the privileges and prerogatives of physicians as they exist today, but it seems probable that the public would benefit by such a change. It is not strange that physicians should object, but it is unfortunate that such a distinguished body of physicians as represented by the New York Academy of Medicine cannot free themselves of their preconceptions.

By coincidence, this report does for medicine what "A Free and Responsible Press" does for its field. Yet

the simultaneous appearance of these two studies is not a chance happening; it signifies a trend in social thinking. Almost simultaneously a leading publisher gave funds to establish the Commission on Freedom of the Press under the Chairmanship of President Hutchins, and the New York Academy of Medicine obtained funds from several foundations to set up its Committee on Medicine and the Changing Order. The accelerated stresses and strains to which our society is subject, brought on by scientific and technological advances, by increasing industrialization and concentration of wealth, and by the ever-growing number of wage earners, are manifest in many fields—housing, coal mining, the public press and radio, and in none more strikingly than in the realm of medicine. Social progress — and by that I mean harnessing our present fund of knowledge better to serve the mass of the people—is retarded by the self-centered vision of the specialized groups owning or controlling a particular service. Everywhere there is conflict between those who would adapt institutions and facilities to meet urgent public needs, and those who while acknowledging defects in our social organism combat the fundamental adjustments needed to remedy the condition.

The Hutchins commission, in an exhaustive and objective analysis, discloses many of the irresponsible and unsocial attitudes and actions of the press. But the final recommendations are watered down to a pious hope that the arbitrary owners of the chan-

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nels of public information will discipline themselves for the common good. So too, the Academy has made a thorough and excellent factual study revealing the many defects in the quality and distribution of medical care. But again, the committee of experts shies away from the logic of the facts it has uncovered, and offers palliative treatment instead of prescribing the more radical therapy which is indicated by their own recital of symptoms.

Ernst Boas, of Mt. Sinai Hospital in Manhattan, writes on heart and chronic diseases. He is author of "Treatment of the Patient Past Fifty."

2. *Private*

AN INTEGRATED PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. By Harold Thomas Hyman, M.D. Philadelphia and London: W. B. Saunders Co. 1946. 4,336 pp. $50.

Reviewed by FRANZ GOLDMANN

THE general practitioner is "on the way out" as some people believe. He is the most important man in medicine according to others. Between the prophets of doom and the indomitable optimists there are many who acknowledge that the modern family physician is certainly in an unenviable position, both professionally and financially. He finds it hard to follow the rapid progress of scientific medicine, is in constant danger of losing patients, stands lower in the social scale than the specialist, and receives smaller awards for his labors. As one of the venerable country doctors recently gibed, a general practitioner is a doctor who burns up eighty-seven cents of gas to earn a three-dollar fee which he may never get.

Obviously, little will be gained by paying lip-service to the value of the family physician but much by enabling him to keep abreast of scientific advances, to realize his potentialities, to know his limitations, and to take his place as the quarterback of a team of specialists. This is the very purpose of the monumental work prepared by Dr. Harold Thomas Hyman and associates. The five volumes form a complete survey of the fields of general medical practice, conceived and written to meet the requirements of the general practitioner. As it should be, the author has placed the emphasis on the patient "as a biologic unit," on the beginnings of disease, on health guidance as well as diagnosis and treatment, on mental as well as physical health. Special chapters are devoted to the discussion of "the practitioner as a psychotherapist" and of "the physician as an adviser." Dr. Hyman and his collaborators are fully aware of the backgrounds and foregrounds in medical work, to use Dr. Richard C. Cabot's language. With courage, determination, and vision they have married the "science of practice" and the "art of medicine." If the concept of wholeness, so ably followed in this book, permeated all medical practice and could be applied without regard to the almighty dollar nobody would have reason to fear that the patient might be considered as a mere aggregation of parts, the host of a disease, or just a "case." The sick would have assurance that he would be treated not only with technical skill but with sympathy, and understanding of all his troubles, emotional and physical.

There is wide recognition of the urgent need for the organization of smooth cooperation of general practitioners and specialists so that the general practitioner can readily be the family doctor, the specialist can complement him as he ought to do, and the patient can receive the optimum in quality, efficiency, and economy of service. This goal can be reached only if the general practitioners are well-versed in their field. Dr. Hyman's book provides them with all the factual knowledge they need. It gives new hope to both the family physician and the patient.

Among the recent books by Franz Goldmann, of Yale Medical School, are "Public Medical Care, Principles and Problems" and "Prepayment Plan for Medical Care."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FAMOUS STORIES OF CODE AND CIPHER *Editor Raymond T. Bond* (Rinehart: $3.50)	Seventeen tales, thirteen of detective genus, in which solution depends on unraveling of various kinds of cryptography. Editor supplies provocative preface.	Allingham, Christie, Boucher, Sayers, Bentley among contemporary contributors; Poe ("Gold Bug"), Doyle, M. R. James among old masters. All items well chosen.	Puzzlers' paradise
MANILA HEMP *Elinor Chamberlain* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	American governess's vanished predecessor on Philippine hemp-plantation turns up throttled. Employer and Filipino M. P. save imperiled heroine after second strangling.	Unsurpassed so far this year for rich scenic color, suspense, brooding terror, well-sustained mystery, vital characterizations, and good writing.	First class
MURDER HELPS *Inez H. Oellrichs* (McKay: $2).	Candy-bar salesman Matt Winters (ex-milkman detective) helps puzzled police solve rural murders involving dozens of sisters, aunts, and cousins.	Granting that authorities would so quickly deputize talented amateur, this is capably plotted tale of homespun tec doggedly sifting cantankerous suspects.	Average
ABOUT FACE *Frank Kane* (Mystery House $2)	Hollywood operative tracing missing film glamour-boy encounters several corpses before slick reconstruction job cracks case.	Interesting central idea—with sound factual basis—completely surrounded and engulfed by tawdry tough-stuff.	Routine
A FIEND IN NEED *Milton K. Ozaki* (Ziff-Davis $2.50)	Corpse in Chicago apt. house elevator found by visiting Prof. Campbell and lupine secretary. Prof. helps police lieut. crack excellent alibi.	Pornographic-book racket basis of slightly implausible tale, with blonde-chasing secretary playing ribald foil to dignified and pedantic detective.	50-50
LAMENT FOR WILLIAM *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2.)	Midwestern society pillar (with clay feet) shot in library. Dog-loving wastrel goes next. Irish police chief and nephew officiate.	Acceptable sleuthing by Hibernian cop and ex-GI aide; amusing Gaelic garrulities by hungry female friends, and pleasantly devilish small-city atmosphere.	Agreeable

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Diverse Quartet

THE PLOW IN THE RUINS. By Vincent Ferrini. New York: James A. Decker. 1947. 81 *pp.* $1.25.

THE DOCTOR OF MAGIC. By Frank Deane. The same. 61 *pp.* $2.50.

THE SHIP OF GLASS. By Isabel Harriss Barr. The same. 75 *pp.* $2.

THE CRANES ON DYING RIVER. By Lawrence Olson. The same. 49 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

THE only thing these four volumes of poetry have in common is their publisher. The fact that such diverse enterprises in poetry have reached the cold appraisal of type is to the credit of a publisher willing to search among our chorus of poets, and choose the sheep from the goats. The energy of poetic speech in these books is in varying degrees of excellence, although some of the faults are glaring.

To begin with Vincent Ferrini, we find indignation, social and political, as the spur of his talent. His denunciations are so loaded with metaphor that symbol and reality are often confused. In the "Orphan," the poet begins his poem:

His eyes are two extinct volcanoes
Uprooted from family and people
Lost and unwanted.

In the "Ballad of the Short Memory," which is neither a ballad nor a narrative, but a ranting editorial, he cries out in verbal violence:

They rise with faces like broken windows
And read yellow newspapers
Down blind alleys
Carrying under their eyelids epidemics.

Ferrini has a poet's pulse but he is not yet skilled with a poet's tools.

"The Doctor of Magic" is the story of a necromancer who outwits the rationalist. Frank Deane, employing a rhythmic free verse, which is heavy with the scientific jargon of the psychiatrist, achieves a commendable *tour de force*. The poem has the fascination of a modern Faustian incident. It is unfair to lift his lines out of context because they seem prosy and bombastic, yet a quality of power and terror is conveyed by them. Whether Mr. Deane could have written a better story in Hemingway prose, or should have given us a straight ballad from a lusty throat, is idle speculation. His eloquent hybrid falls between two stools. To call it poetry requires a tolerant definition.

Isabel Harriss Barr is a poet whose name is encountered frequently in newspapers and poetry journals. Miss Barr has also shown considerable dramatic skill in poetic plays. She has a shrewd estimate of her own talents and, within her lyric range, is a skilled craftsman and effective storyteller. In a short lyric, "Drawn Sword," she turns a new facet on the old dispute between flesh and spirit:

The firm sword drawn, guarding both wall and gate,
The spirit, bleeding, and thereby satisfied.

In her most ambitious poem, "Deirdre in Alba," she tells a new chapter in the ancient tale of the sorrowful Irish queen. The narrative moves along in dramatic blank verse, occasionally marred by a stenciled phrase, but also rising to the stark climax:

She turned from him and felt
A coldness as of water, strangely dark
Close over her.

The "Cranes on Dying River," by Lawrence Olson, reveals a poet of verbal strength and spiritual eloquence. He is influenced by contemporaries, but his own original talent shines through his poems. The "Ghost of Homer" has some echoes of Eliot. "Private Poem" is reminiscent of MacLeish's "End of the World," and has some of the rhythmic accent of Eliot. Olson will probably throw off the cape of his elders as he achieves mature expression. He has an excellent eye for the arresting image. The second stanza of his title poem describes "The Cranes on Dying River":

Their bodies swift upon the sky
Describe invisible designs
And as they move their wings expound
Minute catastrophes of sound.

A. M. Sullivan, an advertising executive, is author of seven volumes of poetry and founder of the WOR Mutual Network New Poetry Hour.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Frost. 2. Day. 3. Masters. 4. Robinson. 5. Nathan. 6. Ade. 7. Wells. 8. Hardy. 9. Shaw. 10. Bennett. 11. Brown. 12. Garland. 13. O'Neill. 14. Lewis. 15. Belloc. 16. Wharton. 17. Roberts. 18. Aldrich. 19. Costain. 20. Cerf. 21. Conrad. 22. Kipling. 23. Hobart. 24. Stout. 25. Buck. 26. White. 27. Peattie. 28. Hart. 29. Shellabarger. 30. Morley. 31. Hilton. 32. Wellman. 33. Galsworthy.

MURDER among Murder Story Writers

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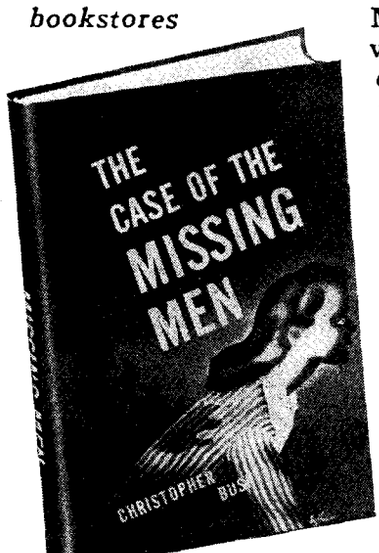

Murder among murder-story writers is what Ludovic Travers found, when he accepted the invitation of Austin Chaice, successful mystery writer, to help him compile a manual for authors of detective stories. There are several other authors on the scene, an authors' agent — and Mrs. Chaice, whose charms are literal rather than literary. Examples for Chaice's manual on homicide are presently available, as one murder follows another.

MACMILLAN

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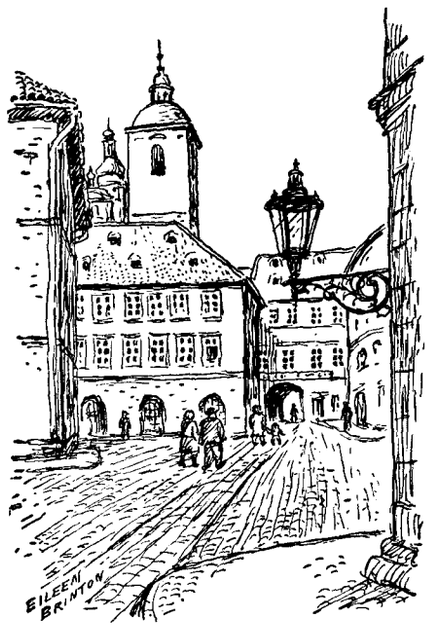
Our Teeth" which was recently staged with great success. But, as a whole, in Austria as everywhere else in Europe, America does not seem to be able or willing to "sell" herself as she could and should do.

Switzerland

THIS country, on the other hand, today plays the most important part in linking Austria (and Germany too) with the West spiritually. Before the war there were only a few publishing houses in Switzerland. They could hardly compete with the German publishers who had a monopoly on German literary production. The best-known German authors — and most of the foreign writers in German translation—were published in Leipzig, Stuttgart, Berlin, and Munich, some in Vienna. Those cities were the literary centers for all German-speaking people of Europe. The Swiss publishers, with the exception of two or three, played a very minor part.

Yet, during World War I, Switzerland fulfilled an important mission when the anti-militaristic writers of Germany, Austria, and France found a haven in Zurich, Berne, or Geneva. Romain Rolland, Barbusse, Leonhard Frank, and many others banned in their own countries were published in Switzerland and made their way from there into the trenches and the hearts of millions of German and French. This time, however, Switzerland's function as a literary center for the German-speaking people was not terminated with the end of the war. On the contrary, the number of publishers in Switzerland has risen to many dozens during the last two years. The Swiss market is of course too small to absorb all the books rolling off the presses in Zurich. But the publishers hoped that they would be able to export a major part of their output to Germany and Austria and to fill the literary and spiritual vacuum after the material destruction of hundreds of libraries and the reign of Nazi barbarism. Their hopes have only partly materialized.

The bookshops in the cities and towns of Switzerland display a variegated selection of world literature, and today the average Swiss is undoubtedly more familiar with the works of European and American authors—old and modern—than the average citizen in any other country of Europe, or even in the United States. But export to Germany and



Austria is still very limited. It is based on different barter agreements which become more and more difficult since Germany's and Austria's economic situation is still steadily deteriorating.

The lists of the Swiss publishers are topped by new editions of the best-known works of the German classics and the novels, short stories, poetry, and essays of authors who enjoyed fame and popularity before Hitler. Especially two publishing houses, Die Arche and Werner Classen, are publishing series of little books—similar to the once famous INSEL library—containing the best the German spirit has ever produced. The books are inexpensive and, at the same time, carefully edited and handsomely printed. Mondial Verlag in Winterthur is starting a series of world classics of which twelve titles are scheduled for this year alone. The volumes are illustrated by well-known artists and sell, with each volume running to 500 pages, for only nine Swiss francs. The publisher hopes to fulfil his ambitious program by printing larger editions than usual and by exporting part of each edition not only to German-speaking readers in different countries in Europe, but in the United States as well.

Among the Swiss authors writing in German, Hermann Hesse, the Nobel prize winner of last year, is the best known outside his country. He just published a little book, "A Guide to World Literature," giving advice especially to younger people in a charming and informal way as to what they should read and which books, with small financial means at one's disposal, should be included in one's private library. Gottlieb Heinrich Heer has become popular as an author of historical novels. He is, at the same time, the editor of the *Schweizer Buecher Zeitung*, a literary monthly of high standing which proves that Switzerland is losing more and more of its former provincialism and that the Swiss authors have become aware of their responsibility as spiritual intermediaries between the culture of Central Europe and the West. R. I. Humm, winner of the Swiss Schiller prize, is an essayist of originality.

Up to now a special place in Switzerland's cultural life was reserved for the Schauspielhaus in Zurich. During the last ten years actors and actresses exiled from Germany kept the flame of the "other" Germany burning here. During this period this theatre became a spiritual island in the heart of a Europe engulfed by steadily rising waves of barbarism. The plays produced there and the excellent performances of the artists, welded together by the same ideals, rightly earned for the Schauspielhaus the admiration of all theatre lovers in Europe. Unfortunately for Switzerland, these days are over. Most of the actors who contributed to the outstanding success of this theatre returned to their native countries—Germany and Austria. Though the Schauspielhaus is still one of the best theatres on the European continent, its old spirit has gone.

Germany

IN READING the books written in Germany during the Nazi regime even by those authors who were not contaminated with Hitler's creed and who, therefore, now represent the "new" literature, one is once more struck by the phenomenon first encountered in the writings of Goebbels's disciples: the Nazis were not satisfied with torturing and killing all independent thinkers and authors, they murdered the German language, too. Since the pure language of Goethe and Kleist, of Schopenhauer and Rilke could not be used as a medium for the propagation of Hitler's twisted and crooked thoughts and ideas, the Nazis perverted and mutilated their language so badly that it may take a whole generation until the Germans eventually recover their voice. Up to now—without realizing it—they speak and write an idiom which is just as muddy and soiled as the superficially dyed brown shirt the average German is still wearing because of the lack of a new garment.

Though it is true that the number

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of writers who went into exile was higher in Germany than in any other fascist country, unfortunately this record cannot be used as a proof of the political maturity and the uncompromising spirit of Germany's intellectuals. Most of those exiled authors were Jews and therefore they had no choice but escape. And the "Aryans" who remained capitulated in the most abject manner without even attempting any resistance. Today they do not only apologize for their collaboration, but justify it by declaring that it was not cowardice and servility which prompted them to offer their services to Hitler, but a special philosophy of which they are still very proud. This theory is called "inner emigration" by its masters. Otto Flake, a well-known but not too highly regarded novelist in pre-Hitler days who rose to real fame under the Nazis and profited very materially by their boost, has this to say:

> We yielded to pressure. Certainly we yielded to pressure, but that was in innumerable cases with the significance of the Chinese philosophy of Tao—to bend, so as not to break but to survive. In Germany we have learned the lesson that one should develop one's personality in fields other than political.

Walter von Molo and Frank Thiess are other members of this "secret emigration." Secret it was—not even the Gestapo could discover any disloyal flaws in their writings and speeches. On the contrary: these men were regarded as valuable comrades in Goebbels's battle against spirit and truth. Was Goebbels fooled? I don't think so.

There were a few others — very, very few—who, unable to resist, at least didn't prostitute themselves. Unable to write and to say what they wanted, they escaped into writing children's books, fairy tales, or stories and poems dealing with nature, love, animals, and other harmless subjects. In doing so they tried at least to keep their language clean and not to fall into the false mysticism and double talk of the "inner emigrants." Their honesty and common sense deserves credit, even admiration, if one takes into account the pressure under which they had to live. Erich Kaestner, best known in America for his excellent children's book "Emil and the Detectives," belongs to that group. Today he is a columnist in the *Neue Zeitung* in Munich, which is an official organ of our Military Government, and the editor of a youth paper, *Pinguin,* which in my opinion approaches the democratic education of the new generation in a very effective manner; the paper is not dogmatic, it is entertaining and speaks the language youngsters understand and listen to.

That cannot be said of Mr. Ernst Weichert who today, together with Werner Bergengruen, is regarded as the foremost spokesman of the "new Germany."

WEICHERT is neither a Thiess nor a Flake. He has never been a collaborator and, while he was originally a man of the conservative, even nationalistic, right, he dared denounce the Nazis and spent many months in the Buchenwald concentration camp. He is also one of the few who, since the end of the war, is trying to make the German people aware of its terrible guilt and does not indulge in self-pity or apologies for the past. Unfortunately, Weichert himself is a product of that Teutonic spirit that has paved the way for Hitler's success. He, too, is a mystic, his thinking is unreal, his language vague and turgid, infected by the cheap romanticism of the "Blubo" (blood and soil) school of the Third Reich.

"The Poet and the Youth" is the title of a little book that contains Weichert's address to the German students. It is a good example of Weichert's writing and thinking. Beautiful sentences are there, abstract generalities. The youth is admonished "to honor the great"—but nowhere is it said what this great actually is—"to love what suffers," "to resuscitate what is tired." The mission of the poet, as he describes it, is "to dwell silently in the country, like the servant in his little room, and while the lights burn in the house of God, he watches over the sleep of the animals and of the fields. . . . The poet is the silent stream who mirrors the stars of youth." And so it goes on and on, very "poetically" and "idealistically."

What the Germans, especially its youth, need most is clarity, the abilty to think in terms of cause and effect, the understanding that the split between idealism and reality — the eternal German sickness — must be overcome if the world is to be saved from the raging philistine who murders his victims to the accompaniment of Schubert and Beethoven. So far I have not discovered any writer in Germany who combines the moral, spiritual, and literary qualities necessary for a real fighter for that cause.

A few volumes of poetry have been published which introduced two or three writers worth watching. Reinhold Schneider's "The Last Days," Werner Bergengruen's "Dies Irae," and the "Poems from Moabit," by the son

The Little Volumes Are Important . . .

IN A recent article in *The New York Times*, "The Literary Market Place Today" by Harvey Breit, the writer quotes a distinguished publisher: " . . . 'We used to break even on a sale of 5,000 copies. Now . . . we need 10,000 copies. The result? We're shopping for sure-fire stuff . . . And that means that we simply haven't got room . . . for the little volume of verse, or the first novel that we used to publish . . .' And so," concludes Mr. Breit, " . . . publishers' lists are growing smaller, tighter. More big novels, fewer critical essays . . . fewer scholarly studies."

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of the notorious geopolitician Haushofer, who was imprisoned in Moabit for his part in the unsuccessful attempt on Hitler's life and later executed—these poems are in their literary quality and in their spirit superior to the novels and plays that so far have been produced. Here is a beginning.

I am naturally aware of the dreadful difficulties which stifle every attempt at creative writing and independent thinking in this land of ruins, misery, and despair. Yet I don't believe that material needs and hunger alone explain the spiritual vacuum. The sickness of the mind, this deep moral crisis, will not and cannot be overcome by a few hundred more calories. The spiritual hunger is not less real than the physical one. What are we doing to satisfy it?

We have established a few libraries —but how many of the Germans are able to read English? We are publishing a monthly, *Die Auslese*, a kind of German *Reader's Digest*, which sells in many hundred thousands of copies. Containing excerpts from American books and articles of interest for the Germans, this magazine is in my opinion performing an important service. We could, we should do far more.

In Stuttgart I visited an exposition, "The Swiss Book 1933 to 1946." The Swiss publishers contributed hundreds of books giving the German reader a chance for the first time to acquaint himself with the most important works published in Switzerland during the Nazi regime. Practically all exiled German authors were here represented. The success of this exhibition was tremendous. All rooms of the library were filled from morning to evening with people who spent all of their free time here reading.

We are spending a lot of money for the "democratization" of Germany. Wouldn't it be a good investment to sign some kind of agreement with Switzerland whereby we would finance the import of Swiss books in large quantities into Germany, while Germany is not yet able to pay for this commodity which is as vital as bread and meat for building up a peaceful and democratic Germany?

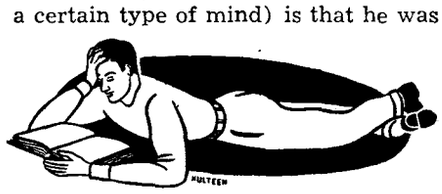
I am afraid we will do nothing of that kind. We are told that America should not spend a single dollar for "propaganda." Little Switzerland is not afraid of that word; on the contrary, she believes that she is fighting a battle for the highest ideals—and for her own self-interest as well—by helping the Germans to think and to educate themselves.

We are satisfied with cursing the Communists.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S "An Autobiography" is one of the most pleasing books of its kind that I know, and I have thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of reading it once again in the new University of California Press edition ($3.75), introduced by Bradford Allen Booth. But I am not sure that I can join with Mr. Booth in calling it one of the few autobiographical masterpieces that world literature affords. I think that Trollope, in his simple memoir of himself as an aspiring human being, a civil servant, and an author, did wonderfully well what he set out to do, but I think masterpiece is too grand a word for his accomplishment; just as I think it far too grand a word for Franklin's autobiography, which Mr. Booth mentions comparatively. Books may have "lasting vitality," as Trollope's record surely has, and still be something less than masterpieces.

"An Autobiography" has a moral, like many of its author's tales, for it is a story of great success against great odds, of rich rewards won by unremitting industry. But it is hardly for the moral that we prize the tale today. It is for the man who tells it, and the manner of the telling. Trollope, who was an awkward and despised butt during his hated school days, grew up with a passionate desire to be liked, and he proved himself a rare artist at making himself liked, once he took up his pen. In no book is he more winning than in his autobiography. He is one of his own best characters.

The busy civil servant, who fathered the pillar-box and organized so many postal routes, commands a certain interest; but it is the novelist, of course, who dominates the scene, and it is what he has to say of his writing methods and his novels that makes the record fascinating. Trollope's business-like approach to literature shocked the first readers of his memoir, and has since caused many persons to believe that he could not possibly have been an artist. But he was an artist, and a distinguished one. The catch (and this is insufferable to a certain type of mind) is that he was also a remarkably well-adjusted artist. He loved to write, he wrote with all the energy that was in him, he wrote as well as he possibly could, and he wrote very well indeed. His chief interest was in character, and in the creation of character he was far stronger and subtler than he is even now given credit for being. English life, founded on character, was his great theme, and his novels give us a picture of that life (with the lower classes almost ignored, of course) which can be matched by no other novelist of his century. Mr. Booth remarks that he was likely to "wander aimlessly" when he left Barsetshire; but surely he did not wander when he went up to London, when he dealt with the House of Commons, when he wrote the Parliamentary series which contains much of his best, most mature work. He rode as straight in fiction as he rode to hounds, avoiding on the one hand the caricature and melodrama of Dickens, and on the other the satire and rhetoric of Thackeray. His place is sure, his reputation crescent.



Duell, Sloan & Pearce have done well to issue in a single volume Waldo Frank's "The Re-Discovery of America" (1929) and "Chart for Rough Water" (1940). Frank's subject in these two books is nothing less than the plight of modern man. With the mind of a mystic and the voice of a prophet, Frank often eludes those who would insist on strict rationalism. But where is rationalism now? Read, at the least, what he has to say on "The Reign of Power."

"Confessions of Zeno" (New Directions, $3.50), by the Trieste business man who wrote under the name of Italo Svevo, was unjustly neglected when published here by Knopf in 1930. This neurotic novel of love, marriage, business, and psychoanalysis in Trieste, is the work of a truly original talent; but the extraordinary promise of the first third is not fulfilled. . . . "The Pocket Book of Famous French Short Stories" (25¢) is an entertainingly representative collection, which accents *l'amour* . . . If you care to, you can find Philo Vance, with all his mannerisms and erudition, in "The Scarab Murder Case" (Bantam, 25¢). Amazin'. Very interestin' . . . And Conrad Richter's "The Sea of Grass" (MGM hasn't helped it any) is another new Pocket Book.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
POULENC, SONATA (TRUMPET, TROMBONE, FR. HORN). G. Mager (tr), J. Raichman (tromb), W. Valkenier (horn). Night Music NM 103-4 (1 *plastic*) $2	Ultra-realistic, high fidelity — you can hear players breathe. Bit too close for best musical effect, but fine reproduction of brass tone.	A to AA (*plastic*)	(*See below*) Saucy, satirical, lumpish, amusing piece, consonant, with occasional smirking dissonance. Playing is good, serious-minded—adds to comic effect!
FLAMENCO. Carlos Montoya. Soledad Miralles. Disc 721 (3 10") $3.93	Fine percussive guitar, asst. thumps, knocks in foreground; singer (dancing) in background. Nice balance, atmosphere.	B to B+	It takes Disc! Genuine Spanish Gypsy stuff. Raucous singer (once lady bullfighter) dances as sings. Fine ex. Eastern infl. in Spain.
PALESTINE DANCES. JEWISH HOLIDAY DANCES. Arr. Milhaud, Toch, Diamond, Eisler, etc. Orch. Chorus cond. Goberman. VOX 191; 192 (3 10"ea.) $3.75 each	Good studio recording, rather metallic liveness. Music, mostly dissonant, brassy, is good for recording.	B+	Elaborate "contemporary" arrs.—yet supposedly danceable. Interesting but mostly too involved for very short lengths. Milhaud predominates.
DELIUS, WALK TO THE PARADISE GARDENS (arr. Beecham). Cincinnati Symphony, Goosens. Victor 11-9493 (1) $1.	Much of it too low level for comfort. Good highs, though relatively attenuated.	B+	Lush cross betw. Sibelius and Debussy; pure British impressionism.

NIGHT MUSIC

THE appearance of a group of enterprising new small record companies in the classical field this summer is of great interest. At a time when commercialism seems to have gone the whole hog in other fields of entertainment, it is encouraging to find that the long-time dominance of the Big Two is being supplemented by this new, idealistic, earnest, yet practical-minded type of small business, whose operators are in almost every case musicians, professional or amateur, with both an understanding of music and a true interest in good recording.

Night Music Recording Company (see above and *SRL* June 14) is of interest on two scores. Its primary aim, fostered by horn player Herbert Russcol of the Pittsburgh Symphony, is to record the outstanding wind instrument artists who, thanks to current repertory limitations (*SRL* Feb. 22) are almost unknown, although their talents may well rank with those of more famous "concert" artists. These men, playing chiefly in the better symphony orchestras, are revered among musicians; but seldom do they have a chance to play in public the first-rate music available for wind combinations.

A more ambitious project of Night Music should be of special interest to *SRL* readers in various cultural institutions. The company intends to act as a kind of university press in the record field. Mr. Russcol offers to schools, libraries, universities, associations who have access to their own special audiences, the services of his company on a non-profit basis, to record, manufacture, and distribute records that, though highly desirable culturally, would otherwise be commercially impracticable. He is particularly interested, personally, in a series of poetry recordings, and I urge any institution looking for the technical means for such a project to get in touch with him.

How Night Music can afford such a service I do not know; I do, however, recommend the company's sincerity and genuine interest in cultural attainment; I have nothing but praise for the technical quality of the two recordings so far released; and judging from this achievement I'm willing to guess that other business aspects of the company are above reproach. Meanwhile I look forward to more Night Music recordings—Address, 6400 Bartlett St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

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the Phoenix Nest

LESSONS

THIS is the lesson a boy has to learn:
They say they want you around the house, but they don't;
You can be gone all day and they think it's wonderful
Just so you come home with your clothes all in one piece.
They say they love the laughter of little children,
But they don't. They want a little peace and quiet,
And you'd better do your shrieking and your superman zooming
Somewhere else. They want you not seen and not heard
Except be on the dot at mealtimes. If you think
They care what you do most of the time, you're mistaken. They don't.
It takes about ten years to get this through a boy's head.
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

MYRA THOMPSON.

* * *

PARADISE REHABILITATED

"Mr. [T. S.] Eliot . . . concluded that young poets can now read Milton's verse profitably."
—*The New York Times Book Review*, May 18.
"Milton is O.K."
—Headline for the same story in *Time*, May 19.

Experiment has lost its savor,
Pentameter is back in favor,
So though your taste be Joyce or Hilton,
No longer blush for reading Milton.
The blinded bard who sang of Tophet,
The Times says, may be read with profit,
While *Time* agrees that he's O.K.
For followers of Miss Millay.

His homily once more we'll preach
In lands of Anglo-Saxon speech.
He may achieve—oh, strange fruition!—
A shiny pocket-sized edition;
In railway stations we'll obtain
This tome to read it on the train,
Or find his works in five-and-dime-stores
Who justified God's ways to ryhmesters.

JAMES GIDNEY.

* * *

SQUARE PEGS

Doctor

His files are filled with stacks
Of hypochondriacs.
He has no time for travel, bridge or golf.
He's sick of nerves and moods
And neurasthenic nudes.
"Say 'ah.' Wait just a moment, please.
Now *cough*."

He's tired of aches and ills,
Of specimens and pills,
Of wielding scalpel, stethoscope and knife.
No wonder he's nonplussed.
X-rayed romance is just
A pain in the sweet mystery of life.

Advertising Copy Writer

The book he planned to write
Has, somehow, never quite
Been started—neither have his play nor sonnets.
Instead, he's writing ads
For Corn and Bunion Pads,
For soap and shoes and lousy baby bonnets.

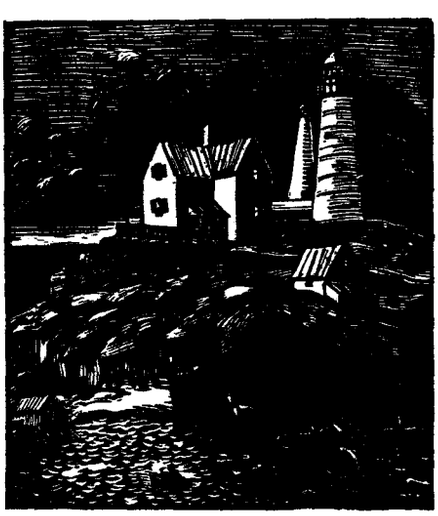
He's most adept at phrasing slogans that amaze
Consumers with his verbal alchemistics.
I hope his epitaph
Includes a business-graph,
A Neon sign, and endless sales-statistics.

Mortician

His sympathy's becalmed
For folks who are embalmed.
He's bored to death with floral sprays and tears.
Unnumbered times, he's carted
Away the dear departed.
He's reached the saturation point on biers.

With customers alive
And kicking, he'd derive
Some fun from the profession he has chosen.
But he can never wean
His mortuary mien
Away from human assets that are frozen.

DALE FISHER.



* * *

I have read, in the news, of Miltiades Porphyrogenis, "one of the principal leaders of the Greek Communist party and its general secretary." What a storied name! The name of the famous Athenian general, coupled with the word meaning "born in the purple," and reminding of Poe's lines in "The Haunted Palace":

(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

Apparently, Mr. Porphyrogenis, in this instance, is "asking for a bisection of Greece into two districts"; two governments, an Athens government and a "mountain" government of the Communists. This would drastically divide Greece, that already has suffered such agonies; and is, to my mind, a bad idea. One remembers Acts xvi: 9, when a vision appeared to Paul in the night: "There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us." That was, of course, when Paul felt a call to preach there, and met there "a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple." (The word purple keeps recurring!) And that was also when Paul and Silas were attacked by the Romans for being Jews, when the masters of the soothsayer that Paul exposed saw "that the hope of their gains was gone." So they were thrown into prison, but they prayed so mightily in the prison that a great earthquake shook it, and "all the doors were opened, every one's bands were loosed," and they converted the keeper of the prison: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!" But that is not the way the United States officially is tackling the problem of Greece! Nor has the present situation in Greece, of course, anything to do with either Christianity or Judaism. It is a violent struggle between the forces of reaction and the forces of Communism. And if, for our own part, we do not handle the situation with the greatest intelligence, we will only make it worse. The People seem always to lose! I have been a bit beguiled by the fact that everywhere you look, in these times, you are reminded of ancient history! All I can continue to wish for is that, everywhere in the world, "all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed." It seems a far cry, at present, to that happy day!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 34)

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WANTED: UNATTACHED YOUNG MAN interested creative work, research to assist part-time in art project abroad. Knowledge French desirable. Must consider pay secondary to unusual opportunity. Box 219-W.

GENTLEMAN would correspond with female, sense of humor. Box 714-T.

EX-MARINE, adventurous, foot-loose, with artistic interests, desires correspondence. Box 657-W.

MALE, 28, English major, editorial experience, excellent typist, will give services as secretary-companion in exchange for room and board at country place. No salary. August 2-September 2. New England preferred. Box 220-W.

HAVE YOU BEEN HAUNTED BY A BOOK(S) that you cannot find through ordinary channels? Our system has remarkable success in locating elusive volumes. Consult us. No obligation. Box 221-W.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 696

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

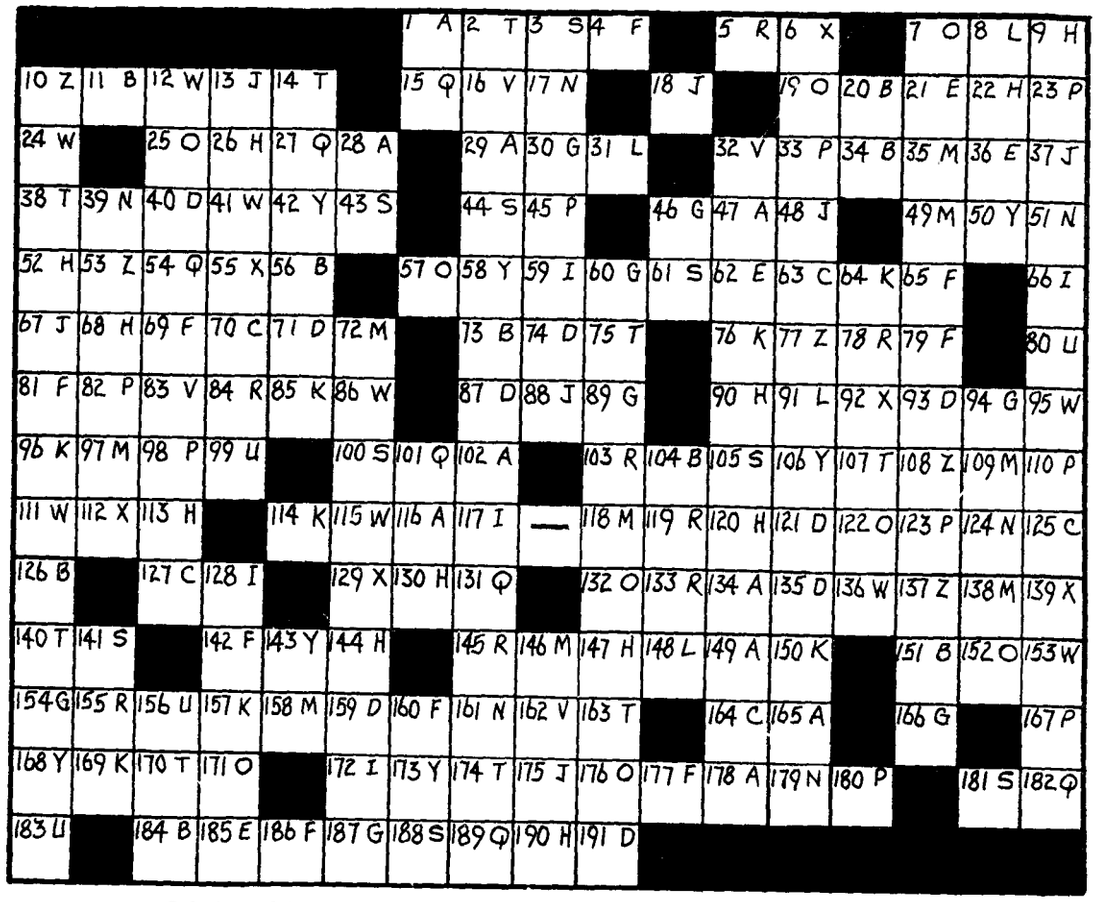
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The fairies (Welsh folklore; 2 wds.).	29 165 116 1 149 28 47 178 102 134
B. The Little Russian or Ukrainian language, esp. as spoken in Galicia.	20 151 34 73 126 104 11 184 56
C. Rum (an Indian name).	127 125 70 164 63
D. Shaped like the tongue of a strap.	93 74 191 71 121 135 159 87 40
E A South American capital.	36 21 185 62
F. Singly (3 wds.).	81 142 79 177 4 65 69 160 186
G. Of or pertaining to a well; applied to underground waters reachable by drilling.	60 30 187 89 166 46 94 154
H. Novel by George Moore (1894).	9 120 22 130 26 52 147 190 144 90 68 113
I. Eats luncheon (India).	66 172 117 128 59
J. City in southern Florida known for its horse-racing.	88 175 18 37 48 13 67
K. Tangles up in a network.	169 76 157 85 114 96 64 150
L. Expression of hearty approval (Colloq.).	148 8 31 91
M. Field and cave near Hebron bought by Abraham as burying place for Sarah (Bib.).	97 118 109 138 158 35 146 49 72
N. Place on Dead Sea celebrated by Solomon for its vineyards (Bib.).	51 124 39 179 17 161
O. Painter of "The Night Watch" (Dutch).	171 132 25 19 122 7 152 57 176
P. To the extent that (4 wds.).	110 33 180 23 45 98 82 123 167
Q. A small Ceylonese house lizard, sometimes semidomesticated.	54 182 131 27 189 101 15
R. Hero in title, with *Word S*, of 13th-Cent. legend of Provence, much translated.	5 103 155 145 78 119 84 133
S. Heroine of title (with *Word R.*).	141 188 105 44 61 43 100 181 3
T. Assembly; council (Jewish Antiq.).	75 140 107 2 170 163 174 38 14
U. Poetic for "sufficient."	183 99 156 80
V. Italian priest (1515-95); from services in his oratory in Rome is derived "oratorio."	16 162 83 32
W. Applied to the Thursday forty days after Easter.	153 86 12 115 24 95 136 111 41
X. A small, strong pony of Tibet, usually piebald.	129 55 6 92 112 139
Y. Fifteenth letter of the Greek alphabet.	143 50 58 42 173 106 168
Z. Italian actor of Shakespearean roles (1829-96).	10 77 108 137 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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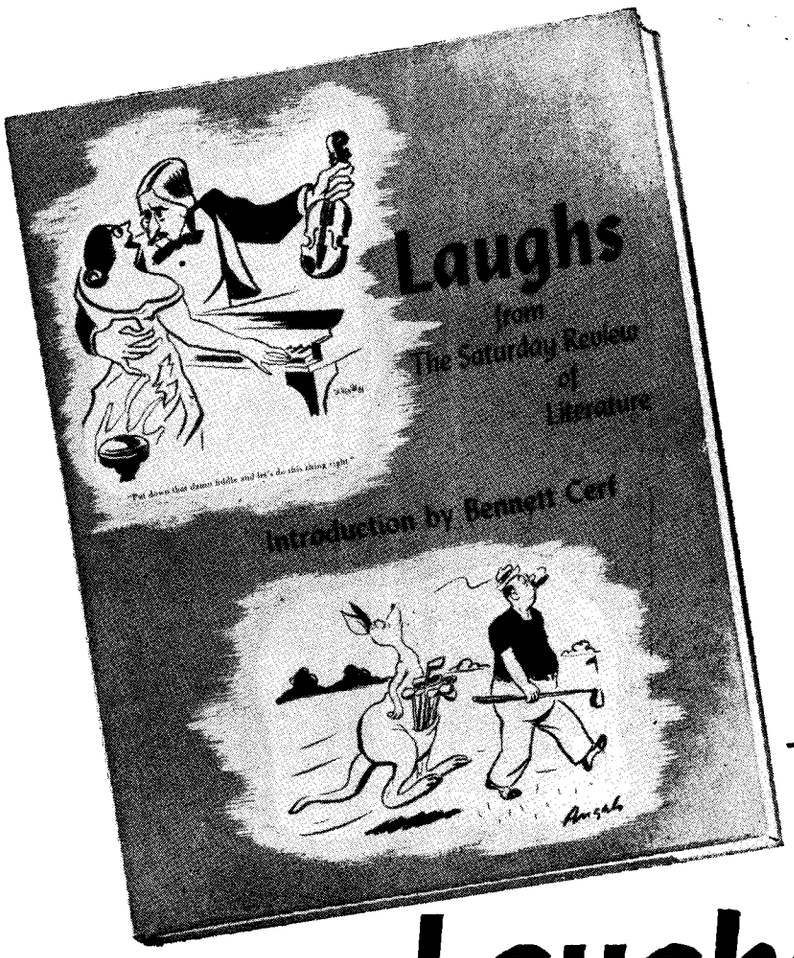

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